The Death of the Pope — The Editors

Vol. CV No. 16 August 18, 1978 75 cents

commonweal

WHITHER AMERICAN CATHOLIC THEOLOGY?

BERNARD J. COOKE

DEATH WITH DIGNITY

JIM CASTELLI

JOHN DRUSKA THE NA
BOGDAN DENITCH DEI
JAMES FINN THE JUST V
MARTIN GREEN TROMI

AG 12-78
St Charles Sem. Lib.
Carthagena Sta
Celina, Oh 45822

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWS & VIEWS

The Comics Page

Garry Trudeau has put a lot of bite back into the comics page through his Doonesbury strip. Doonesbury has even won a Pulitzer. Still the comics page is not the cultural phenom' that it used to be. And, of course, it is removed from direct political impact, though Doonesbury did ruffle political feathers on occasion during the Watergate period. Remember those Mitchell strips?

I was never much of a comics-page reader, so I'm constantly surprised when I'm told how potent the comics page could be in the past.

The latest reminder comes by way of the pages of—would you believe?—*Theology Today*, and a lengthy article by Kenneth S. Barker entitled "Annie, Warbucks, and Harold Gray's Gospel."

The article has to do largely with Gray's social philosophy and his attitude towards religion. But in the course of the piece there is a fascinating footnote about Gray being forced to interrupt a story in mid-action because of reaction to some reflections on the possessors of power or influence. The time was 1943; World War II. You didn't criticize the leadership in 1943.

Gray broke-off the story, though not without first getting in a few digs at President Roosevelt's try for a fourth term. The footnote tells how:

"Gray attacked the wasteful expenditure of tax money and, in the absence of Warbucks (away at war), ran Sophocles Spangle against a pompous Mayor George Gull and his pushy wife, Gnomy, who advocated walking for those without cars instead of gas rationing for those, like herself, with cars. It was all too evident that Gull was Roosevelt in disguise: 'My dear friends and neighbors of Gooneyville. Yesterday, I spoke of the past 12 trying years, through which I have given my all in your service. Today, I wish to speak briefly, as befits his record, of this Sophocles Spangle, this pipsqueak storekeeper who has the audacity to aspire to an office of sacred trust! He sobs of taxes, of what he calls my extravagance. Would he, would YOU, rather have the JAPS?' "

Gray's was potent stuff. But not more so than some of Trudeau's satire. Yet Trudeau's story lines survive, including those that feature the White House itself.

New times; new sophistication. We've come a long way since 1943.

Come to think of it, Trudeau seems to have more trouble when he satirizes *New York Daily News* columnist Jimmy Breslin than when he goes after the national leadership.

That must tickle Spiro Agnew, wherever he is.

Christopher Dawson

St. Thomas More College in Saskatoon has acquired the working library of Christopher Dawson, noted historian and author, and frequent *Commonweal* contributor in the years 1932-61. Dawson died in 1970 at age 80.

The 4500-volume library was purchased for an undisclosed sum from Dr. Dawson's family in England. The college also took out an option on Dawson's papers, manuscripts and letters, to be exercised once an official biography has been written.

The Dawson acquisition thus makes St. Thomas More College an intellectual center for two of England's outstanding Catholic convert-authors.

The college is already famous for its Chesterton materials, and for the past four years has been home for the *Chesterton Review*, a semi-annual journal promoting a critical interest in the life and work of the poet, journalist, novelist and controversialist.

Inquiries about the Dawson collection should be directed to Father Ian Boyd at St. Thomas More College, 1437 College Drive, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan S7N OW6, Canada.

No Liturgical Week

The 33rd annual Liturgical Week, slated this month for Boston, was canceled. The problems: cash flow; a crucial speaker's cancellation; low registration.

The cash flow delayed the mailing of promotional materials. The materials thus reached prospective participants too late for them to make plans. Then, Max Thurian, the monk of Taizé, canceled out and the committee was unable to find a comparable speaker on short notice.

It was a hard decision to cancel, said Sister Mary Collins, OSB, president of the board of directors of the Liturgical Conference. But it was either that or jeopardize several priority projects by taking a deficit on Liturgical Week.

The Conference was aiming for an attendance of 1000 or more. It needed 800 just to break even, and was going to fall short of that number. So it bailed out.

No More [More]

[*More*], the independent journal for journalists, is gone, and it will be missed by a lot of people.

But its fate could have been worse. There was an offer from an independent publisher who wanted to turn [*More*] into a "gossip magazine about journalists," somewhat like *People* magazine.

"I wasn't going to condemn [*More*] with that fate," said James B. Adler, publisher. Instead he merged [*More*] into the *Columbia Journalism Review*. Subscribers will have 30 days in which to settle for *CJR* or receive a subscription rebate.

Adler said he incurred a loss of more than $300,000 trying to save [*More*].

Columbia Journalism Review is a more going publication. Last year it made $29.91 profit, partly because of a program accelerating endowments. Don't snicker at that $29.91. It wasn't so long ago that the magazine was losing $150,000 a year.

Men Priests?

Movement Pamphlet 34 of the Student Christian Movement of Britain and Ireland examines the effects of male domination in the Church.

The cover sets the tone. It features a box setting out six reasons why the Movement opposes the ordination of men. To wit:

"(1) Because man's place is in the army.

"2) Because no really manly man wants to settle disputes otherwise than by fighting about them.

"3) Women would not respect men dressed in skirts.

"4) Because men are too emotional to be priests. Their conduct at football matches, in the army, at political conventions shows this, while their innate tendency to appeal to force and violence renders them unfit to represent Jesus.

"5) Because some men are so handsome they will distract women worshippers.

"6) If the Church is the Bride of Christ, and bishops are as husbands to the Church, all priests should be female."

Odds and Ends

—*A headline for Catholic history*. From page 1 of the July 23 *Twin Circle*: "Rosary helps jogger keep pace." . . . Doesn't that blister ya! JOHN DEEDY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Mass Audiences

Liege, Belgium

To the Editors: Please do not take *"à la lettre"* Henri Fesquet's assertions, "Today few French citizens enter a church unless for a christening, a marriage or a funeral." [News & Views, May 12].

Here we do not consider Henri Fesquet as a prophet. The attendance at Mass has diminished in France as everywhere since Vatican Council II. Personally I am surely more often in French churches than Fesquet and everywhere I find a good audience at Mass, even in the suburbs of Paris.

(REV.) JEAN OGER, O.P.

Chesterton

Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

To the Editors: I hope it is not too late to add a comment to the interesting exchange of opinions between Professor Jeffrey Meyers and Robert Knille about Chesterton and Margaret Canovan's new book on him (*Commonweal,* 26 May, 1978).

Professor Meyers is wrong if he thinks well-informed modern critics would accept his jibes about Chesterton's "anti-semitism" and "fascism." The alleged anti-semitism is too vast a subject to be dealt with briefly. But it is worth pointing out that there is no evidence that Chesterton had any personal anti-semitic feeling of any kind. Although anti-semites always claim that some of their best friends are Jews, this, of course, is seldom true. But it is true that almost half of Chesterton's closest and life-long friends really were Jews. One of his earlier poems was a protest about the persecution of Jews in Russia. And as Rabbi Stephen Wise has pointed out, the essays Chesterton wrote towards the end of his life, made him one of the first English authors to protest the Hitlerite persecution of the Jews in Germany.

The charge of fascism against this

(*Continued on page 543*)

NEWS & VIEWS: 514 **CORRESPONDENCE:** 515
THE DEATH OF THE POPE: THE EDITORS: 515
WASHINGTON REPORT: Death Near and Far: *Frank Getlein* 516
DEFENSE AND THE WARSAW PACT: *Bogdan Denitch* 518
AMERICAN CATHOLIC THEOLOGY: *Bernard J. Cooke* 520
DEATH WITH DIGNITY: *Jim Castelli* 525
THE NAZIS AND THE POLICE: *John Druska* 527
VERSE: *Winston Weathers* 524; *Sr. Mary Ellen Dougherty, S.S.N.D.* 530; *Joseph Payne Brennan* 519
THE SCREEN: Estival Festivals: *Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr.* 531
THE JUST WAR: REVIVING AN OLD DEBATE: *James Finn* 532
TROMPING ON BABIES: *Martin Green* 535
BOOKS: *Eugene Hillman, Colman McCarthy, Robert Miola, Daniel M. Murtaugh, Thomas S. Klise* 536
ILLUSTRATIONS: *Front cover: Upper, New Haven, Conn., 1786, from* The Church of Our Fathers *by Roland H. Bainton (Scribner's); lower, from* Mortal Lessons *by Richard Selzer (Simon & Schuster).*

JAMES O'GARA: *Editor* JOHN DEEDY: *Managing Editor*
RAYMOND A. SCHROTH: *Associate Editor* ANNE M. ROBERTSON: *Editorial Assistant*
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.: *Movies* JOHN FANDEL: *Poetry*
FRANK GETLEIN: *Washington*
BRIAN WICKER: *Great Britain* ALAIN WOODROW: *Paris*
HENRY TEN KORTENAAR: *Rome* DESMOND FISHER: *Dublin*
EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Publisher* RUTH E. TAYLOR: *Advertising Manager*
Staff: LINDA F. KAYLER, HARRIETTE BALSKY

COMMONWEAL
232 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016
Telephone: (212) MU 3-2042

A review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Printed in the USA and published bi-weekly by Commonweal Publishing Co. *Copyright © 1978 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.* *—US and Canada: $18 a year. Foreign $20. Single copy 75c. Special two-year rate $32. Foreign $36.*

Commonweal is indexed in Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature, Catholic Periodical Index, Index of American Periodical Verse, and Book Review Digest. Microfilms from Vol. 1, 1924; to date available through University Microfilms; 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106. Serials Data Program No.: ISSN 0010-3330.

THE DEATH OF THE POPE

It was the moment he had predicted often—even five days before—over the past several years, a moment for which he, as well as any man alive, was indeed prepared. Sunday morning's paper said his doctor had ordered complete rest. The afternoon's radio announced that he was dead. And the day Giovanni Battista Montini—for 15 years Pope Paul VI—passed from this life, Catholics celebrated the feast of the Transfiguration and heard the gospel where, on the mountain top, the apostles Peter, James and John suddenly see the face of Jesus shine bright as the sun and his clothes as white as light. It is both a symbolic hint of the true natural glory hidden within every human life and a promise of eternal life to those who suffer for the Kingdom.

Historians, in the long run, will most likely speak well of Pope Paul. We say "in the long run" not just because any great man's life demands perspective to be understood, nor because the Vatican as a not-very-open society is slow to let historians know the full truth, but also because the areas in which he lost the support of so many Christians—those dealing with sex—are so personal and so powerful that it may be a little while before we can best say what kind of a leader and shepherd he has been.

But at his best, though physically frail and personally withdrawn, he was a big man. Intellectually brilliant—though perhaps too committed to one French theological tradition—his heart and mind reached out to the whole world. He embodied the best of the Catholic Action movement which flourished after World War II and struggled to bring Europe social and economic justice through Christian Democracy. In the tradition of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great social encyclicals he taught—to a compromised church and a capitalistic, gluttonous, secular society that the earth's resources were destined for the use of all and that the hoarding of land, wealth and food and the unbridled arms race went against reason and the laws of God.

Then, when the ideal of Christian Democracy failed to materialize, he was also tolerant of the new accommodations with the Left. Indeed, the picture of Paul with his arms outstretched is an apt symbol of man—offering the embrace of peace to Christians and Jews, believers and unbelievers, especially the poor and oppressed, and to children.

But if some of his central insights in *Humanae Vitae* —the value of each human life and the need to link sexual expression and procreation—were valid, this unfortunate cyclical condemning all forms of contraception also represents his two greatest failures in understanding. First he acted, against the advice of his own theological commission and against the consensus of the faithful about how love is best fostered in marriage, because he was trying to maintain the authority of the papacy. Indeed it was this exaggerated notion of the papacy's authority that made him cling to the job years after the age he required other bishops to resign and after he could no longer give the vigorous leadership the church needs.

Second, in his absolute opposition to birth control, married priests and women priests, he failed to comprehend the world's and even the church's new and more positive understanding of married love and the dignity of women.

Personally, though he seemed aloof, he was extremely sensitive and emotional. But he worried too much, remained too isolated from the ordinary experiences, and seemed too willing to hear the curial tale-bearers who warned him that everything was falling apart. Thus, ironically, one of the holiest and most loving of Popes may also be remembered as one of the saddest.

If Paul VI was a transitional pope who held the institution together and consolidated the moderate reforms of the Council, today the church needs a strong prophetic leader who will really bring the church into the modern world, someone who will once and for all escape the bonds that in modern times have kept the first figure of the universal Church a "prisoner of the Vatican"—the spiritual and cultural bonds that have constrained as thoroughly as the physical isolation and refusal to travel which Paul did at least overcome. Someone, consequently, educated outside the narrow Roman canon law training most bishops receive; someone confident enough in the Spirit's presence not to be threatened by change; someone who, by his simple, open lifestyle, devotion to personal and intellectual freedom, justice and human rights, can help a non-believing world and a half-believing church look to Rome—or to wherever the Pope may be—and see the face of Christ shining bright again.

WASHINGTON REPORT

DEATH NEAR AND FAR

The military aid to Turkey has been solved for the moment at least and, as is depressingly usual with problem-solving these days, nobody seems to have learned a thing from it.

When the Turks invaded Cyprus in assistance to the Turkish-Cypriots in their endless struggle against the Greek-Cypriots, this country cut off military aid to the invaders because U.S. military aid is supposed to be used only to defend the recipient country—and thus by extension, the rest of the Free World, including us—against the Soviets who are thought to be lurking just over the frontiers of most countries in the world awaiting only the time when U.S. military aid falters for a moment to come down like the wolf on the fold.

In the Turkish-Greek-Cypriot instance, it was the Turks who came down like the wolf on the fold and they came down on the Greeks. We were astounded. When we gave the Turks the arms, we were certain they would be only used to defend that free country from the encirclements and other threats by the dread Russians. What a shock to see the Turks use them to shoot up the Greeks.

To be sure, if anyone in government had had any notion of Greek and Turkish history, he might have suspected some such outcome from arming the two nations. For at least 500 years, the Greeks have regarded the Turks as their worst enemy and the Turks, on the record, have regarded the Greeks as placed upon the earth for the Turks to slaughter and otherwise oppress. On the other hand, of course, it is worth remembering that the present situation on Cyprus was initiated by a Greek invasion in favor of the Greek-Cypriots over the Turkish-Cypriots, as a last ditch stand of the former Greek junta, the classic dictatorial gambit of solidifying domestic control through foreign adventure. In that case, it didn't work and the Turks have been in effective occupation of what seems to anyone as more than the fair share of the island ever since.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unfortunately, the 500 years of history had been rewritten by American foreign policy scholars so that it was not the Turks the Greeks had to fear, not the Greeks the Turks had to fight, but the Russians for both nations in both relationships. After all, the Russians were the Communists and therefore the source of all evil. Whatever one might have thought about the governments of Greece and Turkey, both were certifiably non-Communist, even anti-Communist and therefore brotherly comrades in the single great struggle.

That illusion should have been shattered by the sequence of events on Cyprus: not a Russian around for miles except the sea-going hot-shots who play chicken with our own sea-going hot-shots in the Eastern Mediterranean, and yet there was a war erupting, flourishing, being prosecuted and won by the larger of the two nations, the one, as it happened, with the greater share of American arms to put into the effort. It's enough to make you wonder if you weren't past all wonderment, secure in the absolute knowledge that Communism is the cause of all wars, rumors of wars, economic discontents and political botherations all over the globe.

The lesson American foreign policy makers have apparently learned from all this is simple: if a client state uses American arms to invade and occupy the territory of another client state, the invader and occupier is to be disciplined by the withholding of further arms shipments until the invader-occupier withdraws from its illicitly held territory and things are returned to the status quo ante. But there is a codicil to this lesson, as follows: If, however, aforesaid invader and occupier refuses to withdraw from said occupied territory in spite of our withholding of further arms shipments, then we should resume shipments of arms to see if that will have a more persuasive effect. If you tried to train a dog on that method, he'd chew up your trouser cuffs and there is no particular reason to believe militarily opportunistic client states will behave any differently.

The reasoning behind the codicil, if reasoning it be, seems to be that since discipline has failed, concurrence may work, and that in any case it is important to get those arms flowing again regardless of disciplinary recalcitrance. It can only be wondered at that the Russians haven't invaded Turkey during the cutoff, but surely they will not abstain much longer. Regardless of the dangers of "rewarding bad conduct," which the President's chief security advisor finds determining in not recognizing the existence of Castro's Cuba, regardless of the obvious message to other clients that all you have to do is hold out, regardless of making ourselves look like poltroons, those arms have got to be got flowing again before it's too late.

If that is indeed the lesson our security advisors and foreign service officials have drawn from the Cyprus affair—as it certainly seems to be—there is every reason to suppose the sequence will be repeated many times. What is really to be deduced from Cyprus is that our supersensitized fear of the Russians flies in the face of a great deal of human experience. Thus:

In Cyprus we saw again that the Turks like killing the Greeks.

We already know that the people the Russians like killing best are neither Americans nor Turks nor Greeks, but their fellow-Slavs and neighbors, the Poles and Czechs.

It is ancient history yet never ancient enough to stop, that the people the British especially like murdering are the Irish.

And, of course, vice versa.

As the most centrally located country in Europe, the Germans, naturally, like killing everyone around them.

Cut off from Europe by the formidable barrier of the Pyrenees the Spanish, naturally, prefer killing the Spanish and so it goes.

Consider our own history. We started out killing the British who were right here beside us and who, up until then, thought we were fellow-British. We next attacked the Canadians. We then attacked the Canadians again, both times unsuccessfully, and a few years later invaded Mexico, seizing great hunks of land in what was eventually to become our Sunbelt, plague of Northern cities.

What do all these individual tastes in slaughter have in common? It's easy: everybody likes to kill the folks next door. If you have to travel very far to do your killing, it's hardly worth your time. It certainly isn't worth your time if there are people right there beside you waiting to be knocked off.

Historically, of course, the great exception to this rule of propinquity has been provided by imperialism and it is true that both the USSR and the USA regard each other as imperialists. Imperialism, however, consisted chiefly in picking up foreign lands considered as somehow outside the system of civilized nationhood—"lesser breeds without the law," the leading imperialist poet called them. Also, the rule of propinquity governed even in overseas adventures, the imperialists going naturally from country A to next-door country B to country C just down the street.

The American departure from all this is strange but clearly we haven't pulled all our allies along with us all the way, certainly not the Turks. Long-distance enmity seems to be like long-distance love, hard to sustain. Our enmity with the Russians, now over 40-years-old, may be the all-time record. You'd certainly have to check the books, but if you take a formula that includes the geographical distances between the capitals, the length of time the enmity endures, and, most im-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

portant, the percentage of fear based on perceptible reality as opposed to fear based on the fevered imaginings of people selling arms, I think we'd stand a very good chance of getting the nod.

There is, of course, the advantage of long-distance enmity, namely that it is very difficult to kill people. While a great many Americans have died in war in the period of our Russian enmity and more or less in its name, they haven't been killed by Russians and almost no Russians have been killed by us. In the two outstanding cases of Americans getting killed from fear of Communism, we had to travel halfway around the globe to get them killed.

Meanwhile, the majority of mankind, hopelessly traditionalist, still prefers killing the neighbor they can see to killing the non-neighbor they cannot see. Long-distance enmity seems another case of American idealism rejected by allies who bog down their minds and passions in the dullness of everyday reality.

FRANK GETLEIN

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

THE NUMBERS RACKET

DEFENSE AND THE WARSAW PACT

The increasingly acrimonious debate on the adequacy of U.S. and Western military strength focuses, as often as not, on the disparity between the ground forces available to NATO and the Warsaw Pact, respectively. The debate is beclouded by dubious use of statistics and by a firm refusal to treat the reality which lies behind these figures. For example, in assessing the ground strength of the Warsaw Pact troops in Europe, the 55 East European divisions are counted in with the Soviet totals. It is, therefore, a matter of no minor significance how reliable those divisions are in various potential conflict situations, and that question is rarely addressed by the alarmed hawks in Washington.

In addition to the divisions, gross figures are given for Soviet and East European military hardware without much of a breakdown as to the quality and distribution of the war matériel. While that is a separate issue, it might be worth keeping in mind the fact that the Russians apparently hate to throw anything away and their vast arsenal of tanks, artillery pieces and rockets include substantive proportions of dated, elderly tools which no NATO or U.S. commander would consider as fit for anything but target practice.

The troops are a more interesting question, and one which can be used to illustrate the political shallowness of the current debate. When discussing the reliability of troops, it is useful to ask—reliable for what? Clearly, there are three different types of reliability one can have in mind. Are the troops reliable for maintaining internal order, are they reliable for defense from an external attacks, and finally, are they reliable and to what extent for an external offensive? I borrow here from excellent research by Dale R. Herspring and Ivan Volgyes.

To take the first dimension—reliability in internal disputes—in this case we have a record ranging from the early '50s to recent years in Poland, and the record is, on the face of it, utterly dismal from the point of view of the regimes involved. In Pilsen in 1953, the Czech troops refused to put down the riots. The same year in East Berlin, the East German military units refused to leave their barracks and march on the demonstrators. In Posdan in 1956, regular army troops not only refused to disperse the rioters but in some cases joined them, while in Budapest in 1956, the army joined the revolt, resisted the Soviets, and showed itself as "reliable" only as an enemy. In Prague during the Spring Days, the army supported the reform regime, was unusable for putting down anti-Soviet riots and racked by massive resignations of officers after the consolidation of the new regime. In Gdansk in 1970, the army proved unwilling to put down the riots, while in the Lodz and Warsaw strikes of 1976 the army not only refused to be used but a defense minister is reported to have stated that "Polish soldiers will not fire on Polish workers."

This is hardly a record that would suggest that those armies are reliable defenders of the regimes when threatened with mass popular disturbances. More interestingly it suggests that the other alternative, the calling in of the Soviet troops, has become more complicated because of the strong possibility, if not probability, of clashes with the local armies who, unreliable as they might be in putting down riots, might prove all too reliable in resisting the Soviets. There are many reasons for this, not the least of which is that the armies are, after all, manned by conscripts whose morale and attitudes are crucial under pressure. In Poland and Hungary that means masses of Catholic conscripts. For at least some of the East European states the traditional enemy, the popular enemy, is the Russians or the immediately adjacent East European neighbors, rather than the West and the U.S.

Herspring and Volgyes argue that while those armies are unreliable in most cases, in internal situations they would probably be quite willing, and therefore reliable,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in defending the national interests against the traditional enemies, with the exception of Czechoslovakia whose troops are probably unreliable in every case—internal, external, offensive, or defensive. At least the Polish and Rumanian armies might be, from the Soviet point of view, all too ready to defend the nation from an abrupt attempt to assert direct Soviet hegemony. To quote the authors, "There are rumors, for example, that the Polish army took defensive measures to assure the 'neutrality' of the Red Army at the time of the Gdansk riots in 1970, and most Western observers agree that the Soviet military intervention last summer would have been opposed by the Polish army." The Yugoslavs, while not a Warsaw Pact ally at all, are generally conceded by all observers to be willing and capable of giving bitter resistance.

When it comes to an external offensive, the utility of the Warsaw Pact armies is even more dubious. Just how reliable East German troops would be in fighting their West German brothers is a question on which no responsible military establishment would bet much. The willingness of the Hungarians, Poles, or Rumanians to participate in an invasion is probably close to nil, and the Czechs, while theoretically probably willing, would probably be more of a problem for the side on which they fought than anything else. What we are left with is the possibility that the Bulgarians might be of some use and that only if the assault is launched against traditional enemies, i.e., the Yugoslavs, Greeks, or Turks.

The 55 divisions seem to melt into near nothingness when their specific content and abilities are examined.

A more serious question is not are the East European armies reliable as a part of the Warsaw Pact contingents in a hypothetical limited assault on the West, but rather are not those armies increasingly a factor providing for greater autonomy for the individual nation-states. The Soviets here clearly are in a dilemma. A refusal to arm the Warsaw Pact East European armies and equip them with modern hardware presents political problems and will probably exacerbate the potential nationalism of those forces, a nationalism which in any case finds a natural home in the military.

The arming of those forces, on the other hand, makes increasingly difficult the naked assertion of Soviet military power within the East European states. The fact that the bulk of the officer cadre is Communist, can hardly be reassuring to the Soviets since they have historic experiences with loyal Communist military cadres in Yugoslavia and China for starters.

What I am arguing is that as the regimes in Eastern Europe become more national in form, the Communism of those regimes becomes more specifically national in character. And that while there may be good economic and political reasons for maintaining links with the Soviet Union for the East European political elites and regimes, that loyalty is no longer unlimited and must not be tested too strongly.

For the West, there are at least several implications that can be drawn. One is to reject the notion that the relative strengths of NATO and the Warsaw Pact are to be determined by simple headcounts. The second is that since most Western armies are also conscript armies, the morale and willingness of *those* troops to defend their societies is more critical than sheer military hardware and technology. And that, therefore, for the West, if it is serious about defense, more attention needs to be paid to the social issues and demands which are articulated by the mass left parties than to the insatiable needs of the military for larger budgets. An army will fight ultimately if it feels it has something to fight for as well as something to fight against.

BOGDAN DENITCH

(*Bogdan Denitch is chairman of the sociology department at the Graduate School of the City University of New York.*)

JOSEPH PAYNE BRENNAN

DARKNESS

During the whole of that afternoon,
tufts of grass, tattered tents in miniature,
filled up with gritty flakes.

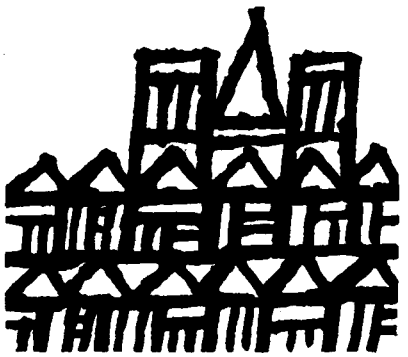
Spears of icy wind, quick skirmishers,
hissed among the cornstalk squadrons.
A whitened sky sent squalls of snow.

The night that swiftly fell
dissolved all memory of sun.
Darkness, dense, implacable, had won.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN CATHOLIC THEOLOGY

BERNARD J. COOKE



A tale of three cities

Like many others in the American Catholic community, I experienced great reassurance with the Detroit "Call to Action," a sense that the creative currents that one associated with Vatican II were still very much at work. Like many others, I have had mixed emotions about the recent Chicago Declaration, perhaps feeling most keenly a frustration because I do not know exactly how to answer the question: how do we "get our act together" so that we move from restlessness to a creative response to our unparalleled opportunities?

We seem clearly at a moment of far-reaching decision, and as a working theologian I would hope that clear-headed theological thought guides the North American Church at this moment. But alongside Detroit and Chicago stands Hartford; and the now well-known Hartford Appeal suggests that much present Catholic theology is not clear-headed, that much of it may even be misleading, and that clarification is required within theological circles before theologians can provide their proper kind of leadership within the church.

Fortunately, not all clarification has to come from theologians. It is the entire community that is prophetic; and basic to that prophetic role is the whole community's responsibility to "read the signs of the times." But this is a notoriously uncertain venture, whose success is conditioned to a large extent by the presence of genuine prophetic voices in the church or (as a second-best) by the presence of balanced and creative theology. So, we are faced with the need to make some sense out of present-day theology; and leaving aside all pretensions to discern among the conflicting claims to prophetism in today's church, I would like to hazard a view of some of the things going on in American Catholic theology.

To situate clearly my remarks, let me note two areas that I will *not* treat, because they are too important to receive any subordinate mention: 1) One of the key problems facing Roman Catholic theology is the apparently hardening view of many bishops regarding their claims to be the exclusive referent of the term *magisterium*. This seems to threaten a regression to the oppressive witch-hunting climate of the pre-Vatican II era at the very time when the Catholic community needs the guidance of theological expertise. This matter needs careful but completely frank airing. 2) Another critical area for discussion deals with Christian theology's relationship "outward," its situation and role within the collection of knowledges gathered under the umbrella of "religious studies." Some fruitful avenues of study have been suggested, perhaps most importantly by Schubert Ogden in his presidential address to the December convention of the American Academy of Religion. Nothing comparable has (at least to my knowledge) been done by a Roman Catholic theologian. Most American Catholics, even a number of Catholic theologians, are relatively ignorant of the massive academic enterprise represented by the term "religious studies" and therefore have never considered the need to relate Catholic beliefs to it.

Having said what I will not do, I would like to attempt some analysis of the American theological

BERNARD J. COOKE, *author of* New Dimensions in Catholic Life, Theology in an Age of Revolution, *and other works, is a member of the faculty of the Department of Religious Studies at the University of Calgary in Canada.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scene, grouping my remarks as response to three questions: what do theologians think they are doing? how is theology coming to grips with modern historical consciousness? how is ecumenism affecting Catholic theology?

Methodology

1. Like other disciplines of knowledge today, Christian theology is almost obsessively concerned with its own methodology. What keeps this from being fruitless navel-gazing or just another manifestation of the insecurity afflicting so much of the church today is the fact that radical changes *are* being introduced into theology's classic mode of procedure, changes which if their creative possibilities are to be realized demand from theology increased and structured self-understanding.

Actually, it is not enough that professional theologians reflect on what they should be doing; a fairly widespread understanding of theological procedure is needed among Christians in general, so that there are not faulty expectations of theologians and unjust accusations regarding their failure to be doing what they should. One of the disturbing aspects of the Catholic Church in the States today is the ease and unquestioning self-justification with which some conservative elements in the church ally themselves with questionable fundamentalist currents at the same time that they attack "liberal" thinkers for disloyalty. This has threatened to deprive theologians of the support of a nurturing and sympathetic community and made it humanly more difficult for them to engage fully in the risky venture of asking the ultimate questions.

One of the most basic issues facing today's theologians is the incorporation by Christian theology of modern philosophical thought. Here we observe a division even among relatively more progressive thinkers. The Hartford Appeal is an excellent illustration. Admittedly, the Hartford document is difficult to assess: the various theses enunciated are carefully couched so as to take possession of the middle ground; and if anything is questionable about the statement, it is the reason for its existence and the vaguely formulated and free-floating suspicions it raises—suspicions that have unjustly been attached to various thinkers in the months since the Appeal's appearance. Yet, it is worth noting that the opening statement of the Hartford Appeal already draws attention to the dangers of modern thought: "Theme 1: Modern thought is superior to all past forms of understanding reality. . . . In repudiating this theme. . . ." The Appeal does go on to balance this with "We favor using any helpful means of understanding, ancient or modern . . ."; but the subordination of elements is key to the attitude being reflected and the value judgment being made. It is one thing to say, "Even though there are dangers, still modern thought is a precious resource;" and quite another to say (as the Hartford statement does), "Even though modern thought has its value, still we must beware of its dangers."

Clearly, there is need for prudence, but prudence is not hesitancy. Christian theology must not be foolhardy or superficial in committing its religious heritage and intellectual integrity to faddish movements; but it must be fearless in listening critically to new and challenging voices. Unless it does this, it cannot by its own secure trust in Christianity's faith bear witness to the truth of that faith in the academic marketplace. More basically, without the questions and the insights that can come from these "alien" sources, the theological community within the church will be unable to fulfill its role as a major source for the church's historical development of understanding. Happily, the Hartford Appeal—as was its stated intent—has triggered a number of clarifying essays, not least by some of the Hartford signers (for example, George Lindbeck's valuable essay in *Against the World for the World*).

There is no question about it, the modern thought that has come out of the Enlightenment is a profound challenge, no place more than in the radical epistemological issues it raises about all human knowing and especially religious knowing. Catholic theology's longstanding unwillingness to deal creatively with Kantianism illustrates an awareness of this challenge, but the highly-respected syntheses of Rahner and Lonergan make it clear that we can learn from such sources without abandoning our own traditions or lessening our faith.

Though the deeper issues raised by Kant and other classic Enlightenment thinkers are still very much with us, the truth and certitude questions about Christian faith and doctrine are today formulated by linguistic analysis of "God-talk" or by application of form criticism, redaction criticism, and (most recently) structuralist methodologies to the biblical texts. The prominence of competent Catholic scholars in these areas of study is an indication of how far we have come in bridging the gap between Catholic theology and "the modern mind."

If there is increasing consciousness of modern epistemological concerns, there is less creative encounter with modern metaphysics. Considerable impact has filtered through Rahner and Lonergan, both of whom have sizable and influential groups of disciples in North America, but there is still quite little direct study of modern philosophical metaphysics that has flowed into theology, and there is little felt need to alter this situation. Two exceptions to this general statement must be made: among the "younger generation" of theologians (including a rapidly growing num-

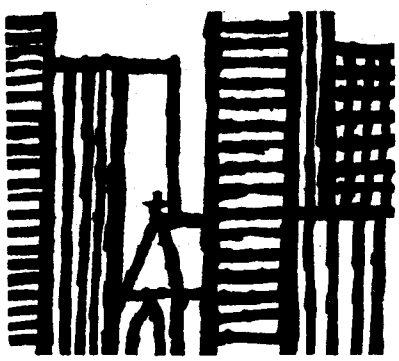
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ber of women), especially among those trained somewhere else than in seminaries or in Rome, there is a growing group of scholars who systematically utilize non-scholastic philosophy in their own theological reflection; secondly, there is a relatively broad interest in and even involvement with "process thought," the attempt to employ the philosophical insights of Whitehead to gain new perspective on some of the classical questions about the relationship between divine and created. While both of these developments (which, incidentally, see Catholic and other Christian theologians working in close cooperation) need assessing, and some of the "insights" being presently suggested may not eventually stand the test of careful criticism, it seems fair to say that they have provided an important challenge to other Catholic theologians to examine the bases for their own understandings.

What diminishes, at least for the time being, the interaction of the "older" and "newer" currents of theology on the American scene is the fact that to a large extent the more scholastic practitioners operate within the context of the Catholic Theological Society while their "younger" confreres function more within the American Academy of Religion. There does, however, seem to be a growing gap between the two groups and the recent dispute between Berger and Dulles on the one side and Tracy and Gilkey on the other suggests that the movement away from scholastic patterns will be greeted with considerable worry and even suspicion.

Granted the intrinsic tension built into this emerging confrontation between use of classic philosophy and use of more modern philosophy, one wonders if there is not a deeper tension—in the very concept of what theology is all about. Theology can be seen (particularly in a seminary context) as a process carried on within a denominational community, more or less officially committed to defending the confessional declarations and safeguarding the traditional beliefs of that community—in which case prospective theologians are recruited for their "safety" rather than for being innovative. On the other hand, theology can be viewed as a search for new understandings of a community's faith, as directed to discovery rather than to confirmation—in which case exploration of new ideas and proposal of new hypotheses are looked upon with approbation rather than suspicion. It is precisely a fear of venturing into the unknown, a clinging to the past instead of opening to the future, that have seemed to characterize so much Catholic theological reaction to modern thought. As this ceases to mark a large segment of Catholic theology today, worries and even misunderstandings are to be expected.

A third development in theological method demands some attention, even though it must be unjustly brief. Classically, theology has been thought of as the process of expanding the understanding of the faith through application of a philosophical way of knowing. But twentieth-century humans have a diversity of disciplined ways in which they clarify and deepen their understandings, most characteristically through the social and behavioral sciences. To neglect such avenues of insight would be a strange impoverishment of Christian thought; yet for the moment there is little attempt to incorporate such modes of thought into the theological enterprise. Recognition has been granted to a propaedeutic role, i.e., preparing more careful data for theology to consider, but (apart from the important exception of Christian ethical reflection) little attention given to utilizing these social scientific methods



within theology itself. "Liberation theology," of course, claims to do just that; and one can mention a few names—Coleman, Baum, Greeley, Berger—that represent a convergence of theological and social scientific thought. But the names are few, and it is symptomatic of the present "crossing of lines" that it is Peter Berger, one of the most important influences in bringing about some interaction of sociological and theological thought, who has sounded the alarm about dangerous currents of "secular" theology and organized (along with Richard Neuhaus) the Hartford meeting to marshal opposition to such danger.

Selection of "secularity" as the enemy has been both perceptive and misleading. That a "secularity" which leaves no place for sin or salvation represents a radical challenge to Christian faith is obvious enough; but there is also a fundamental strain of biblical thought and of Christian historical tradition that suggests that insistence on the reality and importance of "secular reality" is the obverse of insistence on the transcendence of God. Quite simply, if created reality is not fully real, God is not fully a creator God. Now, people like Berger know this as well as anyone, which makes one suspect that to some extent their pronouncements are a "gut reaction" (which does not make them less true), a worry about future deviations that cannot yet be satisfactorily defined, a concern about a drift towards unbalanced and unprofessional flirting with theological novelties. This worry is felt and pronounced even more starkly by the professedly "con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

servative" wing of the American church. Yet, it is a little difficult to see why David Tracy, Langdon Gilkey, and (to a lesser extent) Gregory Baum should be identified as targets by two of Hartford's most ardent defenders, Avery Dulles and Peter Berger—or perhaps it is not difficult, since these three are creative enough and professional enough to give undeniable credibility to the "exploring" wing of current Christian theology, and too influential to overlook.

It seems, then, that within the basic area of methodology the underlying problem (and therefore the most basic tension) is the manner in which traditional Christian understandings can be brought into some kind of enlightening relationship with "modern thought." But "modern thought" is many things, and it may be worth the effort to single out one or other element of post-medieval thinking which has particularly caused questions and ferment in Christian theology. Certainly, one thing that bids seriously for such distinction is the development of modern historical consciousness—which leads us to our second question.

2. Important attempts to come to grips with the historical dimension of Christianity go back at least as far as Mohler and Newman, but the task is far from achieved. By now there is broad recognition of the need to recover from the past the insights that enriched earlier generations of faith. There is even a wide acceptance of the notion of historical development and some acceptance of the relativity that this introduces into any statement or experience of the past. What is only slowly emerging is the realization that history is a basic modality of all human existing and consciousness, including faith and religion. Clearly, this last-named has several basic implications for Christian theology.

What is involved is that history is not simply the context for Christian experience, the ever-changing stage upon which the drama of human salvation is played. Rather, history *is* the process of men and women working out their destiny in interaction with the divine saving presence. History is the progressive creation of humanity by men and women whose freedom is a decisive input into the unfolding of the future.

Obviously, this newer view of history represents a revision of the previously attributed role of God and humans; and it may well be that the most profound change going on in Christian thought today is the altered view of "divine providence." For a variety of reasons, there has been a growing recognition of the importance of secondary causes in the shaping of history, a recognition that is at once a recovery of biblical emphases and a result of modern scientific attitudes. In such a view of history, human choice and achievement play a central role and are seen as truly creative of the future. To a large extent this by-passes the classic formulations about the problem of "predestination and free will;" but the question of the divine influence on human life is asked in even sharper form: in such a worldview, where humans are recognized to be determinative of their destiny, what is there left for God to do? This points to some validity in the worry about "theological secularism."

Like all challenges to the adequacy of our theological understanding, this recent questioning about "providence" has led to some promising developments, particularly in opening up the understanding of God's presence. Theologians like Schillebeeckx and Schoonenberg, obviously influenced by psychology and modern emphasis on personality, have sketched out the main lines of such a "theology of divine presence," and have used it to open up understanding in Christology, ecclesiology, and sacramental theology as well as in dealing with the question of God's direction of creation.

One of the gains in the more recent approach to understanding God's action in history has certainly been the increased evaluation of the reality and importance of created things and persons. Supported by the rediscovery of the biblical emphasis on the "created," both in the distinctiveness of biblical insight into the transcendent "otherness" of God and his creation and in the genuine created humanness of Jesus, contemporary theologians have been able to challenge the long-standing heritage of Greek thought's under-estimation of created reality. Like any other theological shift, this stress on the importance of the sensible world, above all on the autonomy and freedom and (if one uses the term carefully) ultimacy of humans, can be pushed to excess—in this case to eliminating the need for God as the sustainer and savior of history. But there is no need to go to such lengths in working out a more "creation-respecting" approach to a theology of divine providence.

If one does pursue such a view of history and of humans' role in it, there definitely is more uncertainty and relativity in human life. If history is really being given to men and women to shape by their decisions, this clearly makes the future a more risky venture. But it also draws attention to Christianity as a faith grounded in decision, to the resurrection of Jesus as "realized eschatology," to Christianity's heritage of hope and to its missionary responsibility to share such hope. All of these are reflected in post-World War II movements of theological confrontation with the realities of human history—such as recent theologies of hope, of politics, of liberation.

3. Reflection on theology's encounter with historical consciousness brings us logically to our third question, the impact of ecumenism. Implicit in any acceptance of the relativity of historical reality is a pluralistic approach to human knowledge, particularly knowledge of the divine—since all such knowledge must of necessity proceed from historically conditioned human experience.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Christian theologians the matter of theological pluralism has particular relevance because of the ecumenical developments that have marked the past half century. There are some indications that today's ecumenical thrust is irreversible; if so, this dictates some important items for Catholic theology's agenda.

Those involved in ecumenical discourse know full well that we are engaged in more than just a resolution of conflicts, a removal of barriers to community reunion. What is already underway is a long-delayed learning process, in which theologians of diverse Christian traditions are listening to voices from other camps, and in beginning fashion drawing from other traditions in their theological reflection. No doubt, this is still done hesitantly and by a relatively few thinkers in each of the Christian churches. And even these few, who if anything represent willingness and openness and a relative lack of prejudice, find it difficult to shed their previously acquired misunderstanding. In some circles, this attempt by Catholic theologians to listen and learn from non-Catholic thought is still viewed with considerable suspicion. This is understandable: unless the premise of knowledge's inevitable pluralism is acknowledged, it can quite logically seem that acceptance of Protestant insights necessitates the abandonment of elements of the Catholic tradition.

One of the important discoveries of ecumenical dialogue has been, however, that difference of view is more often than not based on something other than denominational distinctions. Basic alignment of theologians today is frequently grounded in differing philosophical backgrounds, differing judgments about pastoral strategy, differing resonance with political and social developments—and not in differing doctrinal beliefs. Thus, "schools" of theology tend to cut across confessional lines; the post-Hartford controversies have illustrated this quite strikingly.

What may be the deepest level of identification among theologians of a given "school" is a certain community of Christian experience. If so, this coincides with the tendency in some theological circles to stress Christian experience rather than doctrinal formulations as theology's starting point. We can see this in theology's use of scripture to get at the faith experience of the biblical communities, in the reconsideration of "tradition" as the evolving religious experience of the Christian community, and in current recognition of Christian experience (particularly in its community aspects) as the "externalization" of the Spirit. Human experience, with some particular attention given to its more formally religious moments, is seen to be a basic word of God upon which theologians must reflect. Bible, liturgy, traditional church formulations—these, too, act as indispensable "words"; but not apart from the experience of men and women that tells them in practical terms about the meaning and purpose of their lives.

Though we are but at the fumbling beginnings of that rather new way of doing theology, we can already begin to see that theological reflection upon the religious experience of Christian communities will open up quite new approaches to Christology and to trinitarian questions. Since this is essentially an evolution of theology about the Spirit of Christ, it cannot have the clarity of clear-cut explanation, much less that of dogmatic formulation. Spirit is not Word; the Spirit can only be *pointed to* by our formalized thought and language; poetry and song and liturgy are more proper instruments in this realm, but theology can help Christian poets avoid misappropriate metaphor and help liturgies avoid sentimentality or empty formalism.

In this "listening-to-the-Spirit" approach to doing theology, Christian community will assume much greater importance for theological method, not only because Christianity sees the community as expressing the presence and action of Christ's Spirit but also because the entire community experiences this Spirit and must therefore be listened to by theologians. All this means that Catholic theology's future is as uncertain as is that of the church; but it also promises to be as exciting as that of the church. I think that one can interpret what is happening today as movement into new vitality, new vision, and new influence for Christianity; perhaps it is Catholic theology's chief contribution today to read "the signs of the times" with such hope.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

WINSTON WEATHERS

THE RED JUGS

Red jugs on
The sunporch
Wrapped in
Fog squatting

In colorful
Silence watching the
Swirl of
Grayness in

Which they perform
A most
Perfect
Service: being red

Jugs on the
Sunporch
Wrapped in
Fog.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEATH WITH DIGNITY

JIM CASTELLI

A controversy marked by both insight and distraction

The Catholic Church seems ideally situated to enter the public debate on the "right to die" or "death with dignity"; its teaching on the use of ordinary and extraordinary means of treatment for the terminally ill is accepted outside the church, far more widely accepted, for example, than its teaching on abortion.

But the Catholic contribution to the legislative debate over the right to die and the somewhat related question of a legal definition of death, has been mixed, marked by both insight and distraction; one of the ironies of the debate is that many of the people who are upset because legislators won't write Catholic teaching on abortion into law are upset because some of those same legislators want to codify Catholic teaching on ordinary and extraordinary means.

That teaching, as put forth by Pope Pius XII in an address to physicians in 1957, holds that each person has an obligation to use ordinary means to preserve his life, but has no similar obligation to use extraordinary means—defined in terms of the individual in a given time, place and culture—which would create a "grave burden" for himself or his family. The individual and his family have the right to refuse treatment and the doctor cannot stand in the way of that request.

Opposition to the direct taking of the life of a terminal patient is, not surprisingly, at the heart of Catholic teaching; but the church does permit the use of powerful pain-killers which may indirectly hasten death.

"Death with dignity" as a legal right became an issue with the Karen Quinlan case which, ironically, began in a Catholic hospital. Miss Quinlan appeared to be in an irreversible coma; her adoptive parents asked her doctors to remove artificial life supports—a request perfectly in line with Catholic hospital ethical directives—but the doctors refused because they feared lawsuits if Miss Quinlan died as a result.

The New Jersey Supreme Court eventually upheld the Quinlans' right to have the supports removed and, to everyone's surprise, Miss Quinlan did not die when they were; she is now in a coma in a nursing home. (The court dismayed Catholic officials because it based its decision in part on the right to privacy discussed by the U.S. Supreme Court in its abortion decisions.)

JIM CASTELLI *is the Capitol Hill reporter and columnist for NC News Service.*

When the Quinlan case came along, most state legislatures did what comes naturally—they tried to legislate a solution. California led the way; in September, 1976, it passed the Natural Death Act which allowed patients to write "living wills," directives to their doctors in advance of terminal illness requesting that extraordinary means not be used. The law received a great deal of publicity, but it applies to only a narrow range of cases and would not have affected the Quinlan case because Miss Quinlan had not signed a living bill.

California's law became the model for other states: Idaho, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, North Carolina, Oregon and Texas have adopted similar laws; South Carolina, Virginia, Hawaii, Colorado, Florida, Georgia and New Hampshire have killed or delayed similar bills. Press reports suggest that California's law has not been widely used.

"Death with dignity" legislation is often discussed together with definition of death legislation. Definition of death laws use "brain death" as another criterion for determining death to go along with cessation of spontaneous heartbeat and respiration. Doctors argue that such a definition is needed in cases when a patient is on a respirator and a doctor can't tell whether or not spontaneous breathing and heartbeat have stopped. Dr. Andre Hellegers, director of the Kennedy Institute for the Study of Human Reproduction and Bioethics at Georgetown University, says a doctor will test a patient he takes off a respirator to see if heartbeat and breathing come back before declaring death on the basis of a flat brain wave; a patient with a flat brain wave and spontaneous heartbeat and respiration is still alive, Hellegers says.

Hellegers says doctors who do organ transplants also want a legal definition of death to protect them in cases in which a patient who has promised an organ has a flat brain wave, but is kept on a respirator to perfuse the desired organ; doctors do not want to face lawsuits for removing the organ and causing "death."

So far, "brain death" laws have been passed in 18 states—Alabama, California, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Louisiana, Maryland, Michigan, Montana, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Oregon, North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia.

Most Catholic commentators argue that living will laws are unnecessary; Bishop Walter Sullivan of Richmond, for example, notes that patients already have the right

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to refuse treatment. He says no doctor in the United States has ever been convicted for removing extraordinary means or for administering a pain-killer that hastened death in a terminal patient. Hellegers says that the Quinlans would have been better off if, instead of asking the court permission to remove life-support systems, they had charged their daughter's doctors with assault for refusing to remove the treatment.

Hellegers and Jesuit Father Richard McCormick, a moral theologian at Georgetown, say there's nothing wrong with living wills in themselves; but, they argue, it is dangerous to write such wills into law. They say laws like the one in California give a doctor more power than he already has and alter the existing doctor-patient relationship. They also say such laws could result in patients with living wills being under-resuscitated and patients without them being over-resuscitated.

When California first considered the Natural Death Act, the California Catholic Conference opposed the bill, but it later withdrew its opposition after certain changes were made. But that decision was not popular with right-to-life groups, who accused the conference—and its executive director, Bishop John Cummins, now head of the Oakland diocese—of bringing euthanasia into the state.

State Catholic officials, including Msgr. John Dickie, the conference's new executive director, and Jack Curley of the California Hospitals, have defended their position. Dickie told a Catholic Hospital Association meeting that the conference had consulted the state's 19 bishops, theologians, attorneys and constitutional lawyers about the bill and had received recommendations ranging from strong opposition to strong support.

"Given the same circumstances, we would make the same decision," Dickie said. He and Curley said the bill was unnecessary and may even have been "imprudent," but it wasn't euthanasia or a wedge to euthanasia.

But the "living-will-leads-to-euthanasia" argument has strong support within the church, particularly among those who see the euthanasia issue as a rerun of the abortion debate. Msgr. James McHugh, director of the Bishop's Committee for Pro-Life Activities, says death with dignity bills represent an effort to "relieve society of its responsibilities to provide legal protection for human life at every stage of its existence and in every circumstance, even if the enjoyment of life is limited or qualified."

The Diocese of Boise opposed a Natural Death Act in Idaho, the first state to pass such a law after California, on the grounds that it would lead to euthanasia. Bishop Sullivan said, "I am convinced the real issue is euthanasia. We must not be naive. We are discussing here the question of allowing people to die. This is a very delicate moral and ethical area; it is not easily cast into legal absolutes." Sullivan says the church believes in death with dignity, but doesn't want to try to legislate it; he also concedes that death with dignity legislation is not "inherently immoral."

Bishop Ernest Unterkoefler of Charleston, S.C., opposed both living will and definition of death legislation, charging "they are part of a callous new movement across the country seeking euthanasia for the elderly, the handicapped and the disadvantaged because they are considered to be too great a financial burden on society and the state."

Others have been more restrained. Hellegers and McCormick praised a statement by the Maryland Catholic Conference which echoed their own arguments and said that such legislation was well-intentioned but was neither "necessary, effective, or desirable." The Diocese of Memphis remained neutral on a living will bill while the Diocese of Nashville opposed it as unnecessary; the Colorado Catholic Conference and Indiana Catholic Conference asked their respective legislatures to study whether such laws were really necessary; the New York Catholic Conference cited the American Medical Association in opposing a definition of death bill as unnecessary; the Missouri Catholic Conference opposed a definition of death bill that would have equated death with irreversible coma and then supported a revised bill; the U.S. bishops' Administrative Committee rejected a proposal by the pro-life committee that the bishops oppose all death with dignity and definition of death legislation as unnecessary.

It's obvious that the church has a legitimate concern in following death with dignity and definition of death legislation; it should be alert every time the government deals with life and death issues. It also seems clear that the church has done a service in arguing that living will legislation is unnecessary and can have a negative impact on the doctor-patient relationship.

But the church seems to be doing a disservice to the degree that it claims living will or definition of death legislation will lead to legal euthanasia. "By linking the Natural Death Act to euthanasia the way we linked abortion to birth control," California's Jack Curley argues, "we run the risk of creating terrible confusion about what we stand for."

"It would be a terrible tragedy," he said, "if the euthanasia battle is lost as the abortion battle was lost because of a lack of accuracy."

Much of the Catholic rhetoric on death with dignity legislation seems to be dictated by right-to-life groups with a prohibitionist perspective that doesn't understand the Catholic approach to this issue. At the same time, the church sometimes follows a familiar pattern of crying wolf: the legalization of abortion means that no other rights will be protected; the private schools will be destroyed without tuition tax credits; and now the 21 states that have adopted either death with dignity or definition of death legislation have started irrevocably down the path to legal euthanasia. Sometimes a bad offense is the worst defense.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Opposition to definition of death legislation is, more often than not, a distraction. Hellegers argues—convincingly—that the church shouldn't even be concerned with such laws if they don't attempt to redefine death philosophically—by, for example, equating death with irreversible coma or attempting to define death differently for a patient with an organ wanted for transplant than for a patient without a desired organ.

The debate over death-related legislation has also obscured a more pressing problem—the treatment of the sick and dying in Catholic institutions. McHugh warns that "much more consideration must be given to extending health care in an equitable way to all sick persons and to provide pastoral care to the dying patient and his or her family."

One bishop who sees living will legislation as a stepping-stone to euthanasia worries privately that Catholic nursing homes are terrible places. In the long run, the church's response to the problems facing the terminally ill, like its response to women with problem pregnancies, will be measured not by its political rhetoric but by the quality of care it extends to those in need.

THE NAZIS AND THE POLICE

JOHN DRUSKA

A Sunday afternoon at Chicago's Marquette Park

Sunday afternoon, July 9, grown men were playing a 16-inch softball game on one of the diamonds encircled by what everyone calls the lagoon at Chicago's Marquette Park. Across the water just to the north of the game, a few people were jogging on the cinder oval, a few were using the exercise bars, some were shooting hoops, two were playing tennis. Others rested in lawn chairs or on blankets upon the slight hills that rise along the northern edge of this eastern section of the park. West, the other side of busy Kedzie Avenue, Marquette Park's public golf course and its flower gardens lay open to their weekend visitors. Crossing one of the stone footbridges over the lagoon and passing the softball game, and after it a coed pickup game at another diamond, I forgot to notice whether the remote-control boaters were out today, at that northeastern part of the lagoon where it spreads to greater width. Elsewhere, as at the bridge I crossed, reeds skirt the lagoon's narrow waters. Fishermen ply this lagoon too, often at the southeastern corner; neighborhood elders playing cards like to sit on or near its banks, where couples also relax, listening to radio or playing Scrabble. All this across the water from the softball fields, on the inside half of the perimeter of the park that its circular road bisects, on any given day. Along with the cyclists; the sober-looking men who cruise down the park road on weekday afternoons; the boys and girls out preening; the gangs that congregate of evenings near the footbridges, often drinking from quart bottles of beer or wine; the police who routinely patrol Marquette Park and occasionally stop to acquaint themselves with some of the locals.

On this, which was, however, not any given day, I had parked two blocks north of Marquette Park, along 65th St., where police were barricading all side street auto access to the park. I had walked two blocks through part of the neighborhood that is also called Marquette Park, touted just that morning in the paper as a neighborhood of immaculate houses and lawns, contrasted by one resident ("Every blade of grass is in place.") with the area east of Western Avenue, a half-mile from the park, which has become black over the last several years. Here, on the blocks I walked and the blocks around them, were the familiar neat bungalows, the occasional two- or three-flat, or multi-unit brick apartment buildings, the manicured lawns, and the grassy berms that front houses in most Chicago neighborhoods and seem to add distinction to each property, creating a space that sets off the families of a neighborhood from street traffic. (I did see, today, on one front lawn, a discarded Old Style can displacing several blades of grass.) I had passed these and places like them thousands of times. I remembered the large tenement on California Avenue north of the park, whose front courtyard garden each summer abounds with a carefully tended jungle of greenery from which rises a high-flying Lithuanian flag.

Lithuanian stores and restaurants, clubs and bars, and the Lithuanian Catholic church line 69th St. from Western to the park's eastern boundary, California, the site also of Holy Cross Hospital, one of the largest local buildings. The hospital and the Nabisco factory south of the park on Kedzie dominate the mostly flat terrain of Marquette Park, out of sight of Chicago's skyscrapers unless perhaps you ascend the bridge south between the cookie factory and the Double Drive-In, an ethnic patch of the city (heavily Lithuanian, many other Eastern Europeans, a few Irish and German, others—I saw a

JOHN DRUSKA *is a writer who currently teaches high school in Indianapolis.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

couple of Spanish families outside houses today) capable because of its history, its geography and its ethos of conceiving itself a world apart, in Chicago but aligned against the fat cats who residents feel fill the Gold Coast and control the press; in a Chicago of its own.

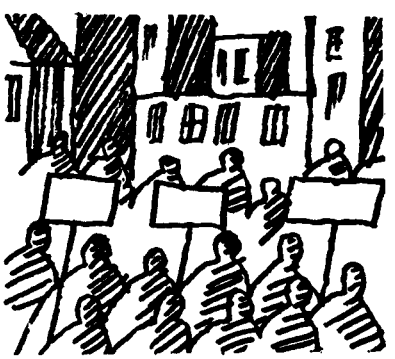
Walking down two blocks in any of a couple of dozen other Chicago neighborhoods, I might have been able to feel the same kind of insulation and sense of identity. In Gage Park or Brighton Park, both north of Marquette, perhaps exactly the same feelings, those of whites hemmed in by forces they perceive as threatening the integrity of their everyday lives. In other neighborhoods, apparently different situations. A mile north of Brighton in South Lawndale, I'd encounter a neighborhood radically changed since my youth there by influxes of latecoming ethnics (Mexican mostly, some Puerto Rican, a few Cubans and South Americans). Yet both these new peoples, and the old who have stayed, retain some sense of the neighborhood as a place they belong to. Lawndale proper, nearly all-black, has appeared on the surface to be suffering for years from urban diseases like absentee landlordism. There too, though, lifelong residents with whom I've spoken cherish a sense of place smaller than metropolitan Chicago even while decrying the symptoms of decay and human disaffection.

Dick Daley used to extol Chicago, from his own perch in Bridgeport, as a city of neighborhoods, and it's true that for generations millions of Chicagoans have lived with the possibility of being both citizens in the land of an urban giant and villagers (South Lawndale has in fact been renamed Little Village). As villagers many Chicagoans have enjoyed the wholeness of a tribal life unavailable to much of mobile America, and have too been victimized by the clannish intolerance typical of such life. Many Chicagoans never outgrow their neighborhood, in some instances a real plus in the quality of life there. In other instances, perhaps because national and international factors have become since the '50s more predominant influences on our lives, and certainly because negative factors, like the rapacity of a lot of city realtors, have remained human constants, this has not always proved beneficial.

Some neighborhoods have become hotbeds of contention in their effort to repulse so-called outsiders. In those which have changed racially, some gradually, some suddenly, the change has seldom been organic. Could any of Chicago's neighborhoods have worked through biases to reasonable integration on their own? South Shore walked that tightrope for a while, with notable élan at times. But panics, pressures and blockbusting have been the rule the last three decades.

The writer of that article I'd read this morning, July 9, had checked out the Marquette resident's claims of deterioration east of Western and had concurred with some of them. Like a lot of others—like a much-respected pastor I know, who grew up several miles east of Marquette Park and now runs a heavily Latino parish on the near west side—the reporter laid much of the blame on FHA financing programs, as pushed by unscrupulous realtors, which lured some blacks who couldn't afford it into home ownership. Vacant houses and attendant blight have followed some loan forfeitures. Problems of this sort have increased in Chicago especially at junctures where the occurrence of blacks moving into previously white sections has been fanned into an *en masse* movement. During the past ten years the black-white border along the southwest side of Chicago has moved from Ashland, two miles east of Marquette Park, to Western, just past the viaduct in sight down 67th St.

As I crossed the softball fields toward the south perimeter of the park—the east half of this featuring a copse at the corner of 71st and Sacramento and a playground beyond it, the west formed of a meadow cut by a thin ditch—a triple cordon of police, I found out later, was barring a black-led group from passing under the



67th St. viaduct and into the Marquette Park neighborhood. The group had amassed to help protest Frank Collin's Nazi rally, scheduled for the park at 2 this afternoon.

Over the park, police helicopters now circled. I crossed another footbridge, and just past it came upon scores of police unloading the blue horses that they were going to use as barricades, setting them up between the lagoon and a small stand of trees across the park road. Most of the action, though, appeared to be going on closer to 71st St., at the copse. Cameramen had taken over the roof of a two-story building facing the Sacramento Avenue entrance to the park. People were converging here, lining both sides of Sacramento where it crosses into the park—on the west side mainly Jewish War Veterans, some from Delaware and New York, readying anti-Nazi signs; on the east, amid the trees, a mixture of curious neighbors, resident roughnecks in White Power T-shirts (a few of the boys wearing gold-cross earrings), special interest groups like the revolutionary Black and White Defense Committee (only white members present), reporters, spectators.

Among these people knots of debaters would form, their rhetoric grow to a crescendo, their argument dis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

solve as one side turned away in disgust or moved on to proselytize elsewhere, or said all there was to say. On this warm sunny afternoon, while helmeted police began to move the crowd back to the curbs as if paving the way for the Nazi parade, the recurrent debates—marked often by shouts of "Let him talk," or "Everyone's got a right to speak"—struck me as some anachronistic scene from Dos Passos or Saroyan. The U.S. of A. Democracy in action. Americans exercising their hallowed rights. The bottom line of the Human Comedy. Except for the White Power hoodlums posing for photographers along 71st St., and the photographers, the scene was nearly idyllic, hopeful. Perhaps, for all our differences, the Nazi rally, its legality hassled over for two years, brought all the way to the Supreme Court, its site changed from Skokie, might serve as Exhibit A of the resilience of our Republic, its ability to deal with the most outlandish in its midst, and to do it fairly and justly. Granted, there hadn't been many exhibits like this in recent American history, but maybe today, at least, we could hope.

Shortly after 2 p.m. the crowd at Sacramento noticed action to its rear, where I had earlier seen the police assembling barricades. Small groups, then great elongated waves of people, began hustling through the deep grass, leaping the ditch, to reach the spot where the rally would actually occur. 71st and Sacramento had served to divert a good portion of the protesters from the arrival of the Nazis at the park. From their headquarters on 71st St. east of the park (where a large painted sign, "Stop the Niggers," used to adorn the side of a brick building), the police had snuck the Nazis around and into the park from west of our location, via the Kedzie Avenue entrance. The cameras atop the two-story building, perhaps decoys, remained stranded there for the duration.

Nazi honcho Frank Collin, looking and sounding a little like like short, red-faced, histrionic Marty Faye, the Chicago bank exec who peddled dishware on TV in the early days of the medium, eventually spoke from atop his van amid a handful or two of his brown-suited henchmen, who looked a little like the police roundup from your local porno parlor on an off day. Collin was also in the middle of an artificial square shaped by double blue barricades, lines of patrolmen in riot gear, mounted police, a battery of paddy wagons, and the buses that had been used to haul in extra police from as far away as the distant northwest side of the city. A minimal speaker system (it looked like a single horn) stood not far from Collin and projected his voice not far into the crowd. From the front row pressed up against the saw horses you might catch an occasional phrase, like the injunction to "march into Niggertown" with which Collin ended his harangue. Long before that, though, it didn't really matter.

Heated by anticipation and the rush many made to get to the rally site, restrained firmly by the mammoth show of police force, and releasing its feelings now outside the courtesies of one-to-one debate, the crowd had gotten riled. One faction chanted hate-slogans at the Nazis ("Death to the Nazis!"), another chanted at the chanters, attacking all Jews and blacks, who—along with the rich purported to be in charge of the *Chicago Tribune*—had been portrayed in the earlier debates (a recurrent theme) as members of a coalition threatening to take away the homes and the livelihoods of the working class people of Marquette Park. Frequent strident arguments or outbursts turned into frequent violent disorders—shoves or punches or curses aimed at one another and the police as well. Every so often those milling on the fringes of the audience had to dodge someone charging through, and shortly behind the prey two or three others—one in mock cycle-gang attire, another suited as a jogger, a third in nondescript discount store mufti—who always wore little red, white and blue ribbons on or near their wrists. They were among the fifty plainclothesmen who made almost all of the 60- or 70-odd arrests this Sunday afternoon. At one point they chased a youth several blocks through neighborhood gangways and alleys. Near the end of Collin's performance they pursued another to the edge of the lagoon, where he dove in and swam across to apparent safety and the cheers of the crowd. Next day a newspaper story asserted that a Jewish-sympathizer had escaped local toughs by swimming the lagoon. In fact the neighborhood tough who did swim appeared later, wet and bedraggled, being led back to a paddy wagon just as police had finished pushing out into the crowd in order to distract it from a carefully-maneuvered back-door Nazi exit, as deftly handled as their appearance had been. A plainsclothesman led the boy into custody over the same footbridge I had crossed earlier and been prevented from recrossing since, first until police cleared the area, then until they removed one of their fellows who had suffered sunstroke from the opposite bank.

Occasionally during the inaudible speech an authentic kook had turned up, like the woman in black who informed police that her family had been "murdered by Jewish freemasons" and insisted on seeing the real Nazis. Occasionally I'd seen someone I recognized. One person I talked with is a lifelong Marquette Park resident who ten years ago, when he attended high school, had considered himself among the three or four radicals in his neighborhood. Today he wryly observed the goings-on. His favorite word was "manipulation." The police manipulating the crowd and spooking or inspiring especially the kids who had never experienced mob actions before, as he had at Grant Park in 1968. The Nazis manipulating the media. Collin manipulating everyone by sending up the Skokie smokescreen, then hitting his original target, Marquette Park, with the intent of mobilizing local discontent with blacks and the Chicago economy into

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

support for his own organization, in spite of its meager numbers and its blatantly inhuman platform that, under less highly emotional circumstances, most residents probably wouldn't buy.

Mostly I'd followed the monotonous schizoid plainsong of this audience divided against itself, complete with regular baroque explosions of petty violence and police chase scenes. (A token black also appeared, was chased by crowd members, and was jumped before being rescued by two civilians.) And I'd taken note of the consummate military stagecraft of the cops in establishing the conditions for this audience to meet itself, for ushers and crowd to butt a few heads, for all to disband by order.

Today it had seemed a Nazi rally sponsored by the Chicago Police Department. Resembling a battalion of Blue Meanies—though some more relaxed, less grimly game-face than most—and as nostalgic for my Grant Park-bled friend as Sergeant Pepper might be, this force of Chicago's Finest, reportedly 1500 strong in and around the park (if so, one cop to every three or so spectators), challenged the crowd and cowed most of it. Perhaps such massive police action happened of necessity. Next day both Chicago newspapers lauded "efficient" police work at the park (and later in the week columnist Maggie Daly revealed that some cops had been more concerned about communist infiltration of the crowd than about any Nazi danger). But I wonder how much the police force's mechanical mastery of this Nazi-instigated problem had helped in turn to instigate the crowd to some of its worst behavior and to validate for a lot of fence-sitting residents their fears that the Nazi performance signified a tempest not just in a teapot but in the whole racial stew of Chicago—which is exactly what Collin, an advocate of race warfare, wanted it to be.

Through their handling of Marquette Park and of a previous Loop encounter with the Nazis, the Chicago police have established solidly their role this year in handling potential mob violence. That the power they have wielded is required as a matter of course in our cities today is a measure of the quality of life and civilization in our Republic and a sure sign that Saroyan's *Human Comedy* of America is anachronistic, maybe always has been. Under the dictates of such power—which at Marquette Park strove to be the paragon of an urban super-ego, but did nothing to mediate the fears and frustrations and hatreds of the various factions gathered there—millions of us are continuing to grow up within neighborhoods without growing up. And that so many people look upon this kind of power as a good, rather than as the sometimes necessary, sometimes overused evil that it must be by virtue of its inherent brute inhumanity, is a measure as well of the criteria for living a civilized life that we have come in America to take too much for granted. Ultimately the solution today was of the same order, if staged differently, as it was more than a decade ago, when blacks marched in Marquette Park and cars were tipped into the lagoon. Repetition of these racially-based confrontations, in Marquette Park and elsewhere, might someday induce a Final Solution, also of the same order, if more drastic.

If a less unnatural police presence, an effort to "serve and protect" (as the Chicago police motto states) rather than to overpower, were combined with a greater neighborhood effort to explore alternative solutions, perhaps in the cooperative racial direction parts of South Shore were once headed, and if the media were less concerned with Nazi headliners and more with the intracacies of these neighborhood and city problems, areas like Marquette Park might be able to make some honest mistakes without getting too many arms twisted, and might be able to achieve the creation of truly humane neighborhoods, catholic villages. Sunday, July 9, this seemed like a lot to hope for.

I finally was free to recross the footbridge and the softball fields, go back over the first bridge, pass someone jogging on the cinder track, a middle-aged man sunning on one of the knolls, and head up the side streets to my car. Across the park, on a corner of 67th St., I noticed a square concrete base in the grass, and upon it a five-pointed concrete star, hollowed out in the middle. The pole and flag had long been missing from this relic of a memorial garden, the kind that had been kept up with flowers and markers during my youth, in the aftermath of World War II. Not far away, in a schoolyard, police reinforcements were lolling on and around their squad cars. At one of the blockades along 65th St., still in place, two black cops were talking to one another. I guess, as I drove away, I could have tried to look upon all that I'd seen with some of that naive faith in mankind I find so attractive in *The Human Comedy*. I didn't; but I don't think it would have been the silliest thing to do. Just as there are sillier things by far that grown men do, besides playing 16-inch softball on a Sunday afternoon at Marquette Park.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

SR. MARY ELLEN DOUGHERTY, S.S.N.D.

WHAT GRANDFATHER KNEW

Grandfather was a railroad man,
with a crippled leg and eyes austere
as a winter sky. He wrote no poems,
nor did he dare. When the call boy came
at four a.m. to tell Grandfather he must rise,
(the engine was ready for the early run)
he went into each dark alone.

It was always the dark he understood,
with only the sound of the call boy's voice
and the dream of his feet on the unlit street.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SCREEN

In comedy, nothing succeeds like excess. All the origins of comedy are in festivals, where the whole idea is to carry things to excess, to blow off steam. You drink too much, dance too long, stay up too late, and find life in general fuller, riper and therefore funnier than it really is. This is why comedy is often done best by a whole team of writers—because you've got to have more than enough to make the gags work at all. You've got to have gags to burn, gags to throw away. The very gesture or line that bursts all the dams of laughter is often the one that was most incidental, least expected, least essential. Only a situation that's going in twenty different directions at once will have this sort of detail, this byplay, which can put us right over the edge.

That the makers of *Heaven Can Wait* understand this, while the maker of *Foul Play* does not, makes all the difference between them. Except for that difference, and the fact that one movie is therefore funny where the other isn't, the two are pretty much alike. Both are based on old material—*Heaven Can Wait* on an Ernst Lubitsch film of the same title, *Foul Play* on a pastiche of Hitchcock plots—and both are romances about two people who fall in love when peculiar circumstances bring them together. Both films also seem to grasp the fact that comedy depends on disparity, on the misalignment between what one person intends by his actions and what another understands from them. Along with pace, misapprehension of this sort is the key to comedy. But only *Heaven Can Wait* has both.

Basically *Foul Play* is a re-make of Hitchcock's *The Man Who Knew Too Much*. You remember that one—about the attempt to assassinate some statesman during a concert at the Albert Hall, and the man (Jimmy Stewart) who found out all about it from a dying stranger. Well, in *Foul Play* it is a woman (Goldie Hawn) who knows too much, and the assassination is to take place at the San Francisco Opera House instead of the Albert Hall. Into this plot *Foul Play*'s writer-director, Colin Higgins, throws bits and pieces of other Hitchcock movies, and then he tries to make it all funny by diverting the action into various comedies of errors. In one scene, for instance, Goldie Hawn picks up Dudley Moore in a singles bar because she is being chased by someone. She gets him to take her up to his apartment, where she then lurks about the windows to see whether her pursuer is still outside. This scene is from Hitchcock's *The 39 Steps* in which the hero is picked up by a woman who behaves similarly at his apartment.

But unlike Hitchcock's hero, Dudley Moore thinks the woman is there to score. When she turns around once the coast is clear, she finds him stripping, projecting a dirty movie and turning all manner of erotica exotica out of his closets. She gives him a quick rebuff and leaves. What ought to be funny here is the disparity between her behavior and his, the mildness of her reaction (because she has more urgent matters on her mind) as opposed to the elaborateness of his preparations. Almost every gag in the movie tries to work the same way, by getting expectations and results out of kilter. When the stranger is trying to tell her that he's dying and what she should do, she thinks he's talking about the movie they're at. When a midget turns up at her door selling Bibles, she thinks, wrongly, that he's one of the weirdos who've been trying to kill her, so she throws him out the window. In every scene, events go askew like this.

But the complications don't pile up fast enough to be really funny. Higgins parcels them out at one to a scene and tries to stretch his material instead of compounding it. In the scene with the midget, first Goldie gets him out the window, then she knocks him off the sill, then he falls in a barrel and rolls away, then we get a point-of-view shot from inside the barrel, then he hits a bump and flies up in the air, then in a separate shot he comes down again. Deadly. In *Heaven Can Wait*, by contrast, things are kept much more lively. In this one a football player (Warren Beatty) has been prematurely snatched from life by the angel of death (Buck Henry), so that now a floorwalker up in heaven (James Mason) has to find him a new quarterback's body to finish out his allotted days in (his old one has been cremated by the time the mistake is discovered). While he's waiting for his new body to become available, however, he's enticed into taking up residence in the body of an eccentric millionaire who is about to be murdered by his secretary (Charles Grodin) and his wife (Dyan Cannon). By the time

St. Xavier's New Mission

Hundreds of sick, hungry, naked and dying, stretching their empty hands

89 villages, 600 open huts, 1600 desperate parents and 3400 shivering children need your help.

PLEASE SEND YOUR LITTLE MITE BY CROSSED M.O. OR BANK DRAFT TO: Rev. Fr. Palatty M. Catholic Mission, P.O. Salana, D.T. Nowgong, Assam, India.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the film gets to this point, which doesn't take long, it has so many levels of misapprehension going for it that there's hardly time to squeeze in all the consequences.

Cannon and Grodin are somewhat unnerved by the fact that her husband survived their first murder of him, but they forge ahead with a new plan while Grodin tries to keep her off the sauce and it becomes obvious to us all that they're going to betray each other the minute something else goes wrong. (They do.) Meanwhile, Beatty is only sticking around because he's in love with Julie Christie (how *she* figures in the plot is just too hard to explain) and so he can keep in shape while he tries to get back into the game. The fact that no one except him can see the angel of death and the floorwalker doesn't simplify matters, either. The upshot is moments like the one when the millionaire's cannon is fired, as it is every night as the flag is lowered in the garden, at which his other Cannon (Dyan), who is understandably on edge these days, screams and jumps out of her skin as if she has been goosed, whereupon Beatty lopes by in the hall and says "Hi" as if nothing had happened.

In the end perhaps the difference between *Heaven Can Wait* and *Foul Play* is not just a matter of pacing, but of personalities. The reason that *Heaven Can Wait* moves in so many different directions at once, and therefore moves faster, is that each character is pretty well defined. Each has an independent course of action he's embarked upon. They aren't simply *reacting* to each other like the characters in *Foul Play*. The result is that the conflict between Beatty and Cannon is a personality conflict on top of everything else—a mismatch between a coper and a schemer. This allows Cannon and, especially, Beatty to put their comedic talents to good use. In *Foul Play*, on the other hand, the talents of Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, who plays a cop, are wasted. You see, you didn't even know Chevy Chase was in *Foul Play*, did you? That's because there was no reason for me to tell you. I said at the beginning that what makes a comedy is the details, the byplay, in it. *Heaven Can Wait* runs over with them a fair amount of the time. In *Foul Play*, however, even large details, like the stars, could go unnoticed.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK,JR.

THE JUST WAR: REVIVING AN OLD DEBATE

JAMES FINN

Just and Unjust Wars
MICHAEL WALZER
Basic Books, $15 [384 pp.]

Ethics and Nuclear Strategy
Edited by HAROLD F. FORD and FRANCIS X. WINTERS, S.J.
Orbis Books, $12.95 [246 pp.]

War is an irrational and evil enterprise. Particular wars may be justifiable.

Both of these statements are true, but the tension between them explains the natural tendency to regard them as contradictory or irreconcilable. Those who mistakenly believe them to be irreconcilable are led to conclude either that all wars are immoral and therefore that one cannot morally participate in them, or that because they are immoral yet necessary it is foolish to apply any moral standards or limitations to war.

Both of these statements have been and continue to be severely criticized, often on grounds made trivial by misunderstanding. For example, having made what I regard as a neutral descriptive statement that war is irrational, I have on more than one occasion been informed with some heat about the intense planning, the scientific resources, the complex weapons, and the intelligence of political and military leaders, all of which are necessary to prosecute a modern war. The observations are accurate, of course, but they merely accentuate one of the terrible things about war—that having been unable to resolve conflicts by reason and diplomacy, men throw their resources, including reason, into a venture of massive violence. Although it may be reasonable to resort to violence, violence remains irrational. And war *is* an evil because it kills and maims and destroys. It does these things in the worst of causes and the best of causes.

Yet this enterprise which is evil and irrational may, in some circumstances, be justifiable. It may come to the point that only by war can a political community preserve itself and the high values and principles on which it rests. (It should be—but it is probably not—unnecessary to add that, like all high principles, this too can be corrupted and misapplied.)

Those who reject my two opening sentences tend to become either total pacifists or complete cynics about war. The main traditions of the Jewish and Christian communities follow another

JAMES FINN, *formerly an editor of* Commonweal, *is now editor of* Worldview, *a monthly journal devoted to morality and politics.*

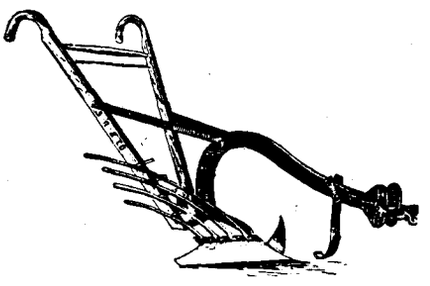
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

path. They attempt to envelope both the initiation and waging of war with moral limitations—and sanctions. So, too, in different terms do the positive laws, treaties, and conventions that political and military leaders turn to in order to justify their actions. The restraints represented by these traditions have always been severely strained in Western history, and it has become an open question whether nuclear weapons system have not, finally, rendered them irrelevant or simply an encumbrance. But it is a question that is not yet definitely answered.

After a lapse of a decade or so in this country intense public debate about limitations and sanctions for modern war is reviving. *Ethics and Nuclear Strategy* and *Just and Unjust Wars* are part of that debate. The first book, edited by Harold P. Ford and Francis X. Winters, S.J., is composed of essays by different writers who took part in a series of seminars on ethics and U.S. nuclear strategy. As the title suggests, they address the question of whether it is possible to have a nuclear strategy that is ethically justifiable or, differently phrased, whether ethical considerations can help us shape an acceptable nuclear strategy. Much of the discussion turns on whether we should depend on the policy of flexible response (allowing limited nuclear war) that the then Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger emphasized in 1974, Or, more fundamentally, whether we can or should forge a non-nuclear policy.

Since different views are presented, it cannot be said that the book reaches a conclusion, but it tilts heavily in one direction, as a few quotations from one of the editors will indicate. In the opening essay Harold Ford tells us that "It is clear, certainly, that the traditional arguments for a just war have lost their efficacy for our age of nuclear weapons." He then asks: "Is the serious threat or use of nuclear weapons immoral?" and responds: "Francis Winters answers this question in the affirmative. Although not all our contributors would agree with Fr. Winters, I do and think it appropriate to voice my view that no other conclusion can be drawn in view of the terrible logic, uncontrollability, irrelevance to political purposes, and sheer horror of nuclear destruction."

Now that, of course, is an odd statement that can't mean what it says. One cannot, that is, assert that no other conclusion is possible and then responsibly publish other and opposing conclusions. Yet Alain Enthoven and Robert Gessert, coolly and thoughtfully, present views that oppose those of the editors. Harold Ford's statement is an indication of the terrible intellectual and moral dilemmas that become the possession of anyone who long considers these issues. In other essays Alva Myrdal presents an "outsider's" view of the arms race, Herbert Scoville, Jr., argues against counterforce strategy, Bruce M. Russett offers an imaginative countercombatant alternative to MAD, and Francis Winters argues that we must either abandon ethics or nuclear weapons. He makes a stab at an attempt to scuttle the latter.



The final essay, which holds out the promise of "Moving Beyond the Just-War Tradition," is disappointing, since the tradition itself is not adequately assimilated and is presented in simplistic fashion. The author states, *mirabile dictu*, that "The just-war tradition has, in the past, governed the decision to use violence in a conflict between two independent and sovereign states, and, once war was begun, the manner in which that violence was used." Would that history might support this statement. Over this essay I would recommend the pamphlet "Modern War and the Pursuit of Peace" written by Theodore Weber in 1968. It remains the best brief approach to the relation of just war tradition and nuclear weapons systems.

Although the editors, Ford and Winters, hold strong views that they defend vigorously, the book itself offers an overview of the ongoing debate and provides, in addition, a useful bibliography and a glossary of terms appropriate to the debate.

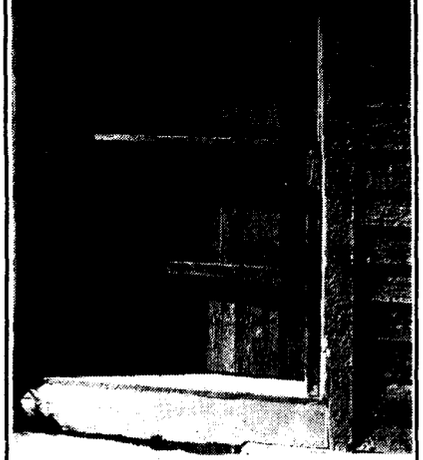
Michael Walzer's book is quite different, not only from Ford's and Winter's, but from other books on theories of just war. It is a very welcome, thoughtful, provocative, and incomplete book. Walzer starts by saying that he began, not by thinking about war in general, but about the war in Vietnam, and not as a philosopher but as a partisan activist. He wanted to account for the ways in which ordinary citizens, and soldiers, talk about war. The result, he says, is a "book of practical morality."

Because his argument is grounded in historical events, he avoids the flow of endless abstractions that seem endemic to most discussions of just wars. And because he brings into the discussion conflicts and incidents that, if not fresh in one's memory, are not totally buried under the dust of years —obliteration fire bombing, Hiroshima, Hungary 1965, the Six-Day War, Vietnam, terrorism, and nuclear deterrence —he is able to evoke the feelings and judgments that actually attach to these events. His use of the concepts of *jus ad bellum* (the right to war) and *jus in bello* (what is right in war) are, further, grounded in a theory of human rights that gradually emerges out of his historical analyses. The result is a superb book that illuminates many arguments others have left murky and that frames several profound issues Walzer has space only to mention.

Having said that, I must register some reservations. On Vietnam. The initial impulse for this book was Walzer's response to the war in Vietnam. He argues here that America's intervention was unjustified and its conduct in the war indefensible. For those responsible he makes allowances

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

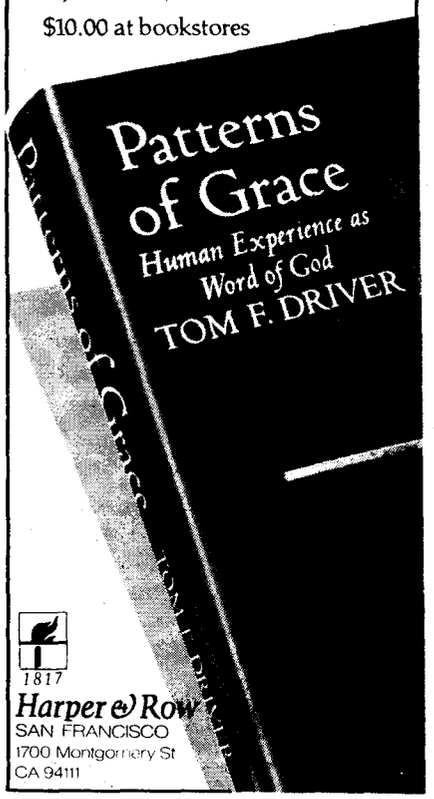
"Rich, eloquent and provocative."
—*Christian Century*



Here is a theology dealing with currents of society and the individuals caught up in them. It endorses the sensual, the spontaneous and the changing. "An unconventional treatment of a classic Christian theme."*

"*Patterns of Grace* is a fascinating, reflective, autobiographical excursion into human experience and religious reflection. Insightful and moving...this is, quite simply, a beautifully written book."
—*John Shea, Commonweal*

$10.00 at bookstores



due to "false beliefs, misinformation, and honest mistakes." Fair enough. "But," he continues, "there comes a time . . . when such allowances can no longer be made. I cannot mark out that time here; nor am I interested in pointing at particular people or certain that I can do so. I only want to insist that there are responsible people even when, under the conditions of imperfect democracy, moral accounting is difficult and imprecise."

The accounting is, of course, difficult, and Walzer's humility is, possibly, warranted. But not *interested* in pointing to particular people? The reader would not, after all, have to accept Walzer's conclusions if he cited high officials as war criminals, But the exercise would have been revealing. That is, it would test the theory of human rights and the theory of war that he here develops.

On nuclear deterrence and conscientious objection. Walzer writes: "We threaten evil in order not to do it, and the doing of it would be so terrible that the threat seems in comparison to be morally defensible." I agree with this statement, but the Catholic bishops of the United States do not. In 1976 they said: "As possessors of a vast nuclear arsenal, we must also be aware that not only is it wrong to attack civilian populations but it is also wrong to threaten to attack them as part of a strategy of deterrence." Were a large number of Catholics, and others, to follow the bishops' lead here, they would find little explicit help in Walzer's book for the position of selective conscientious objection they would be forced to espouse. Nor would they find suggestions for alternatives to deterrence.

On particular judgments. Walzer's methodological analyses are more important than his particular conclusions. Nevertheless they are not unimportant. On the Israeli raid on the Entebbe airport (July 4, 1976) he says that "Here there is, or ought to be, no question of mixed motives; the only purpose is to rescue *these* people toward whom the intervening power has a special commitment." That is naive. The reaction of Israelis and many others was, of course, relief that the endangered were saved, but there was also pride and deep pleasure in the bravado and skill of the Israeli rescue team. This reaction suggests that at least one of the motives of Israel was to display its skill, prowess, and determination during a time of national trial.

Of lesser importance. Walzer writes that Mao introduced into China the Western theory of the just war. Now Mao wrote a lot on war, but I believe most of what he did accords with his judgment that "Wars in history can be divided into two kinds, just and unjust. All progressive wars are just and all wars impeding progress are unjust. We Communists are opposed to all unjust wars. . . ." But enough. That is not a Western theory of just war.

A penultimate note on this book and its reception. The reviewers in the *New Leader* and the *New York Times Book Review* showed little comprehension of Walzer's principal arguments and condescended to the book; *Commentary*'s reviewer read it carefully and decided it did not effectively change the situation, i.e., it left final judgment to each person; Stanley Hoffman in the *Washington Post* and James T. Johnson in *Worldview* gave it highly favorable reviews. But after noting the technical virtuosity and conceptual subtlety, Richard Falk, the reviewer for *The Nation*, concluded that "Those who most deeply imperil the human prospect will be pleased to discover their moral vindication in Walzer's book." A harsher judgment it would be difficult to find.

I note these views not only for their own interest but to show how divided we are in this country about the possibility of discussing the justice of war —and about the utility of doing so. I think Walzer has truly enlivened a needed debate. I hope that he will continue exploring publicly some of the significant questions he has almost casually put to one side in this book and that he responds to some of the valid reservations a number of readers have now registered.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TROMPING ON BABIES

MARTIN GREEN

On Moral Fiction
JOHN GARDNER
Basic Books, $8.95 [214 pp.]

There is always something attractive, to me at least, in an attempt to relate moral values to aesthetic; especially when the relation attempted is a purposeful one, which offers to resolve the conflicts most of us feel between the two. No one could try this more boldly and bluffly than John Gardner, as his title promises and as the extract quoted shows. But the problem is a tough one, and more than bluffness was required.

The book is a series of essays rather than chapters, in the sense that they don't form separate steps in a sequence of argument; they are all very much on the same theme and with the same thesis. Mr. Gardner is concerned mostly with modern American fiction, and a great number of novelists are discussed: Philip Roth, William Gass, Saul Bellow, Norman Mailer, Grace Paley, and ten or twelve less familiar names. He has things to say about the theater, and a good deal (quite interesting) about modern music. He is also concerned with contemporary criticism, but in that area he does not name names, nor is he specific in other ways.

On the other hand, he gives a polemical account of the ideologists of the modern mood in morals and aesthetics, like Wittgenstein, Sartre, and Freud. But from them he jumps back to great classic names, in philosophy and literature, like Aristotle, Chaucer, and Shakespeare—to what he calls "the tradition." Tolstoy's *What Is Art?* figures in that group (uneasily, to my eye) but otherwise the 350 years of literature before 1950 are omitted.

The thesis is the obvious one: that modern fiction, and art generally, betrays civilization (it tromps on babies, Mr. Gardner says) and modern criticism encourages it to do so; with the obvious corollary, that artists and critics must stop being ashamed of their moral impulses and stop dividing those off from their aesthetic sensibility. The trouble is not the obviousness of the thesis, just its application.

The historical perspective seems to me wrong. It is implied that we had this many-centuries-old tradition, by which moral and aesthetic values went together, and then—mostly after 1950—we had rootless experimentalism. But the tradition only looks that solid from where we stand, looking back. If had lived in the age of Jane Austen, we (men like Gardner and myself) would almost certainly have felt that we were living in the age of Anne Radcliffe. (*Northanger Abbey* disposes of the Gothic novel for *us*, but it was not a great cultural event then.) And if we were thinking of the novels of Godwin and Lewis and Maturin and de Sade, we would have judged our times to be in quite as parlous a state as Mr. Gardner judges our times. Coleridge said, "The age seems *sore* from excess of stimulation." Of course, that is what Mr. Gardner is saying. But that judgment is interesting only because Coleridge was such a fine practical critic. Mr. Gardner is no second Coleridge.

> *Most art these days is either trivial or false. There has always been bad art, but only when a culture's general worldview and aesthetic theory have gone awry is bad art what most artists strive for, mistaking bad for good. In Plato's Athens or Shakespeare's London, who would have clapped for the merdistes?*
>
> —On Moral Fiction

There are too many times when he seems to be simply wrong about the books he cites. He speaks of Tolstoy's spiritual crisis, and the theory he evolved from it, that a man "should try to feel out in his heart and bones what God requires of him—as Levin does in *Anna Karenina*, or Pierre in *War and Peace*." But Tolstoy's spiritual crisis came after he wrote those novels, and it led him to repudiate them and their heroes. About Mailer's *Why Are We In Vietnam?*, Gardner says that its thesis is that "American feelings about Vietnam grew out of our feelings about our brother blacks." But surely Mailer was saying rather that the war grew out of the American lust for adventure and the sexual rivalries between men which that involves? And when Gardner speaks of "the entirely trustworthy, authoritative voice which leads through *Pride and Prejudice*, or *The Sleepwalkers*, or *The Golden Bowl*"—the authorial voice—he adds, "it may speak in dialect, like Huck Finn. Conviction is what counts." But Huck's is not an entirely convincing or trustworthy voice—it's a device that works by means of the questions that voice provokes in the reader.

When we come to more major issues in the argument, we are again dissatisfied. When objecting to modern criticism, Gardner says, "The aesthetic game-players identified with post-modernism do exist, juggling, obscenely giggling and gesturing in the wings while the play of life groans on. . . ." (p.54) Whoever he is thinking of must include Susan Sontag, and the writers she has identified herself with: Beckett, Artaud, Cioran, Leiris. Will it do to say that she and they are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

obscenely giggling and gesturing in the wings of life? And about Philip Roth all he has to say is a parenthesis. "(Bad art is always basically creepy; that is its first and most obvious identifying sign. Warhol. Philip Roth. . . .)" (p.150) Now Roth is a very fine artist; and creepy is not a critical term; but above all, if what you are looking for is moral fiction, Roth's work is where you should spend of your time and enthusiasm. Roth is almost exclusively moral in his concerns—that is his strength and his weakness. If you can't see that, you have no business setting up your shingle as a critic.

I was struck again, as so often, by how traits go in groups, in intellectual types as well as in others. Wouldn't you know that a man who wants to defend traditional values against modernism would appeal to "the philosophers" for support; would coin words like "suivant" and "sequaceous" and "audiculous" (glossed as timorously audacious); and would give us scraps of autobiography like this. ". . . my father use to go up and down our country in the middle of winter on his wired-together Farmall tractor, plowing out our neighbors' driveways, getting no pay but talk and hot coffee; [my mother] read aloud to my father when he milked the cows and sang harmony with him on "The Old Rugged Cross"; . . ." (p.149) Healthy and hearty and folksy and rugged, his sentences shine with honest sweat and sex appeal. No touch of anything creepy there.

Mr. Gardner's hero as novelist and moralist is John Fowles. This is an appropriate choice for several reasons, and one of them is that Fowles is English. England has been the home of anti-modernist theory and moralism in fiction and criticism. But there is more than one England of which that is true. Mr. Gardner has no affiliation to the school of D.H. Lawrence or F.R. Leavis—he dismisses Lawrence as a hysterical writer—but rather to that of J.R.R. Tolkien and the Inklings. (The group that included Charles Williams, C.S. Lewis, and other writers, centered at Oxford around the time of the Second War.) He uses a Tolkien-like myth to emblemize his various arguments, and sees his own work as, like Tolkien's, in defense of civilization, against the forces of darkness. There is something to be said for the Inkling line of literary imagination, but unfortunately—and for Mr. Gardner's argument that is *very* unfortunate—it is only a second-rate or third-rate tradition in English fiction. The major tradition is that represented by creepy Roth.

The Flaming Center: A Theology of the Christian Mission

CARL E. BRAATEN

Fortress Press, $8.50 [224 pp.]

EUGENE HILLMAN

This book will encourage missionaries and challenge theologians. It is a serious effort to bring together again these long divorced partners who need each other much more than they realize. The author, although he is not himself a missionary, is a well known Lutheran theologian who was born of missionary parents. That existential background is "the deepest and most enduring datum" of his own self-understanding as a Christian person. So theological expertise and profound personal interest are reflected throughout these 200 pages of erudite and readable wrestling with the major theological themes related to Christianity's meaning, and the church's purpose, for the whole of humankind.

The central and recurring argument is this. Theology and missionary praxis are indispensable to each other. "Indeed," says Braaten, "we would not need theology at all if it were not for the mission of the gospel to the world." This is why theology "without the reflex action of missionary praxis easily degenerates into sterile systems of 'true doctrine' on which endless theological controversies may take place." This is why theology so often appears to be a matter of "solving riddles of the past" or "developing scientific ideas about religion in an academic setting," when it should be providing Christians with "a challenging and critical theory of world mission" or "reaching out to the world with an impact on its future." The divorce between mission and theology may also explain why so many missionaries seem to function, at best, as a kind of pious peace corps; at worst, as ethnocentric meddlers in the lives of peoples they have not begun to understand.

"Can the mission of the gospel," Braaten asks, "be liberated from false dependencies on dated Western forms?" Will contemporary theologians come to see that missionary situations are "the original matrix of Christian theology?" Will they, following the example of St. Paul, allow their theological reflections to be shaped by the church's missionary encounter with increasing numbers of non-Western peoples? When such questions are answered positively, it will be seen that a realistic theology of the Christian world mission is an urgently needed bridge between the gospel and the modern pluralistic world. This theology will also serve as a key to understanding the catholic dimensions of the Christian vocation. "Christianity," as Braaten observes, "is already a syncretism of many religious ideas, symbols, rites, and practices which have been . . . baptized into the name of Christ Jesus." It is through these cultural riches of the nations, and therefore by means of the church's missionary out-reach to all peoples, that Christianity will become an authentically catholic and universally intelligible sign of humankind's unity and salvation.

Braaten is a universalist in his hope for the salvation of everyone, even outside of an explicitly historical encounter with the gospel of Jesus Christ who, as the Lord of history, is also the Lord of the world's religions. There is in the Bible "more backing for a gospel of universal hope . . . than evangelical pietism has been willing to adopt in its system of salvation." So the born-again Christian approach to mission, with its individual-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ism, exclusivism, and world-negating spirituality, is rejected. At the same time, Braaten has reservations and suspicions about the implications of such theories as Rahner's "anonymous Christian" or Tillich's "latent church in the world's religions," especially as these theories have been developed with increasing optimism by Roman Catholic theologians in recent years. But the author's own approach to humankind's salvation is eschatologically elusive and hardly accessible therefore to missionaries in the field who are trying to reshape their practical attitudes toward non-Christian religions.

Is eschatology the only way of reconciling the universalistic and particularistic approaches represented on the one hand by the ontological model of a new *logos* theology and on the other hand by the historical model of a cross and gospel theology? More attention might be given to the salutary (re-creating) significance of the Incarnation and the meaning of the Second Adam situation in which the whole of humanity already exists. Is there in fact a purely natural order of human existence? The God who makes us is the one who saves, creating and re-creating with a healing grace more powerful than the fragility of human freedom. If this grace really inundates the whole of everyone's life, superabounding where sin abounds, are non-Christians more apt than Christians to reject it? What then is the meaning of "the world's own natural structures"? Does saving grace touch humans more efficaciously when they are praying than when they are gathering food, or cooking it, for the family? What precisely is the mystery that was hidden and is now revealed through Christ and his church? What exactly is the good news the church has to proclaim among the nations?

The eschatological frame of reference, with apocalyptic rumblings in the background, serves Braaten better in his reflections on the future of Christianity in America. The decisive issues to be faced by the Christian conscience here arise from the Third World's economic domination by, and dependence upon, America where more and more power is falling into the hands of an elite few who are advised only by their own kept scientists and technological forecasters. "The mentality of these people, exemplified by Herman Kahn, is shaped by science, not by con-science." It belongs therefore to the missionary task of the church in this country to question the present economic order of American vested interest in Third World misery, to "debunk the myth that the future has finally come under man's control," to "represent the human quotient in every dialogue about the future," to "keep people sensitive to the lines of suffering in the human face," and to stand on the side of the poor against those who oppress them in the name of American affluence or security.

There is a call here to denounce prophetically the demonic in all areas of life. "Every system . . . which lives from competition between groups is demonic," and so is "every system which places profits above concern for both people and the earth." Although "the structures of capitalism must go," Braaten is not ready to jump "from the frying pan of capitalism into the fire of socialism" as it is today. He envisions instead, in a rather sketchy fashion, a new order of Christian socialism emerging gradually in the future.

Not surprisingly, after all that, Braaten is enthusiastic about liberation theology which, far from being a passing fad, exemplifies very well what it means for people to do their own theology out of their own historico-cultural situation. This is not only a vital theology, but one that is "most truly ecumenical." It unites in a new solidarity of faith, on behalf of the poor, theologians of the evangelical right (Orlando Costas), the Protestant and middle (José Miguez-Bonino), and the Catholic left (Gustavo Gutierrez), while the rest of us, hardly noticing their confessional or denominational differences, are moved by what they have to say about the gospel and the world. Their method of critical reflection on historical praxis, with priority always given to what is is happening in the real world, has "a close affinity with the pattern of the primitive Christian community in which theology grew out of the missionary proclamation of the church in concrete encounter with the world."

Braaten is "decidedly on the side of liberation theology," but he has some "constructive criticisms." Some of these seem to arise from his qualified optimism (already noted in connection with his view of non-Christian religions) regarding things natural, secular, this-worldly, present, somatic, cultural and historical. He worries that the transcendent elements of Christianity may be obscured and the biblical sense of sin may be blurred. "Although salvation includes the social, political and economic dimensions of life, there still remains the fact that the individual *qua* individual stands as a naked sinner before God." The profound corruption of human sinfulness, of course, weighs more heavily upon Lutherans than it does upon those with a more optimistic perception of the Incarnation and its implications. Braaten suggests also that the liberationists may tend to accept "too readily" the Marxist definition of the human condition, with its 19th century European ethnocentrism, intolerance of pluralism, and incompetence in dealing with the reality of death. There is a warning too against "a hidden triumphalism" undergirding liberation theology's assumptions about the church's use of power through "a new Constantinianism of the socialist left."

> *The modern missionary movement has for the last century and a half been one of the most powerful forces shaping world civilization. Yet most of our biblical and dogmatic theologies have been written within the limited horizon of European and American experience. . . . The lesson for theology today is that it must rediscover its beginnings in the missionary situation where the gospel connects up with the traffic of world history.*
>
> —The Flaming Center

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In his earlier book, *The Future of God*, Braaten observed that a true and convincing definition of the church is "one of the most underdeveloped areas of Christian thought." Now he has himself made a thoughtful contribution to this area, suggesting that the church may be defined by its missionary function, while demonstrating at the same time how theology ought to be done: out of a well informed and personally involved missionary concern for the whole inhabited earth.

Four Arguments for the Elimination of Television

JERRY MANDER

Morrow, $11.95 [371 pp.]

Remote Control: Television and the Manipulation of American Life

FRANK MANKIEWICZ & JOEL SWERDLOW

Times Books, $15 [308 pp.]

COLMAN McCARTHY

Amnesiacs and visiting Martians are likely to be the most avid savorers of these two offerings. The one has forgotten the deceits and the insults that television inflicts on the American consciousness and the other has yet to hear of them. For the rest of us, the question is what can be learned from two more books about television that other authors haven't already tried to drive home in some 6,000 previous works. Has anyone yet to be depressed by the violence, mindlessness and hollowness that is so much of television?

It isn't the fault of the authors that they are coming forward, at this weary moment with their particularly bleak conclusions about television, because they are forceful and persuasive writers. But they come at us when we are all but victimized by *outrage overload*. Who can bear to be told still again that television is addictive, that it lies to children, manipulates adults, that it is anti-democratic and replaces human imagery, when most of us are already numb from knowing that the air and water are poisoned, the prisons are overcrowded, the schools are underfunded, the weapons lobby flourishes, the hills are stripmined, the elephants in East Africa are being wiped out, the teenage suicide rate is soaring, inflation continues, Congress is weak and the President is weaker.

I cite all this only to put a measure of control on the enthusiasm I have for what the authors have written. They have researched the outrage of television and cry out for the inevitable "something" to be done. But the outrages are everywhere and the somethings are being called for everyday. I don't mean to be sour about it all—I happen to be feeling fine at the moment, because I have just come in from an hour of running, have showered, had a glass of pineapple juice and the sun is shining. But I feel put upon, first, by Jerry Mander. After reading 357 pages of his thoughts—and they are sound ones, no question there—he finally asks the clincher I've been waiting for, "how to achieve the elimination of television? I certainly cannot answer the question." In other words, Mander can gasbag for about 100,000 words but then emit only some weightless helium when he has the chance to be more than another lightweight. Frank Mankiewicz and Joel Swerdlow don't even raise the question of elimination. In their conclusion, they call for "a more muscular Federal Communications Commission," the flexing of which, they dream, will lead to television's being "made more responsive to the public's needs."

I don't think it is unfair to take note of the spineless conclusions that these critics reach before I report that much of the thinking that comes before these conclusions is sound. But why go to the trouble, as does Mander, of making the arguments for eliminating television but then going limp at the moment when we all want to know how? Mander is correct in insisting "that television, for the most part, cannot possibly yield to reform. Its problems are inherent in the technology itself to the same extent that violence is inherent in guns. No new age of well-meaning television executives can change what the medium does to people who watch it. Its effects on body and mind are inseparable from the viewing experience. . . . Imagining a world free of television, I can envision only beneficial effects."

My emotional sympathies are with the Mander book, my intellectual ones with Mankiewicz-Swerdlow's. Six years ago, following a mammoth exertion of willpower, I eliminated television from my life. Since then I have found its services useful only in a few work-related instances, and never in any other context, such as diversion, entertainment or relaxation. I came to understand a television set as no more than a salesman after my money. But I knew that even by not owning a set, the salesman still dips into my wallet, because the costs of the commercials that I'm not watching are still added into many of the products and services that I buy. I know also that being a non-viewer has its other costs that I must pay personally: the difficulties of communicating with four-hour-a-day addicts whose range of conversation is limited to last night's "special," or the discouragement in knowing that the books and magazines I value are not being valued by many others, or having to get along under a political system where "leadership" is often a question of one hack politician's buying a better TV consultant than his hack opponent.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

REVIEWERS

MARTIN GREEN teaches in the English Department of Tufts University in Massachusetts. His books include *City Lights* and, more recently, *Children of the Sun* (Basic Books).

FATHER EUGENE HILLMAN, C.S.Sp., now teaching at Salve Regina College in Newport, Rhode Island, served as a missionary in Africa for 19 years.

COLMAN McCARTHY is an editorial writer for the *Washington Post*.

ROBERT MIOLA is assistant professor of English at Lafayette College in Pennsylvania.

DANIEL M. MURTAUGH teaches in the Department of English at Manhattanville College in Purchase, New York.

THOMAS S. KLISE, author of *The Last Western* (Argus), produces educational films.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mander realizes that a few citizens like me exist, and he acknowledges that: "at the moment our only choices are personal ones. Though we may not be able to do anything whatever about genetic engineering or neutron bombs, individually we can say 'no' to television. We can throw our sets in the garbage pail where they belong. But while this is an act that may be very satisfying and beneficial, in making this act we must never forget that, like choosing not to drive a car, it is no expression of democratic freedom. In democratic terms, this individual act is meaningless, as it has no effect at all upon the wider society, which continues as before. In fact, this act disconnects us from the system and leaves us *less* able to participate in and affect it than before. Like Huxley's 'savage,' or like today's young people who drop out to rural farms, we find ourselves even further removed from participation in the central processes that direct our society, our culture, our politics, and our economic organization. We are struggling in a classic double bind."

I'm not sure what Mander means by "the central processes" he sees directing our society. But I have come to think that, having overcome the television addiction, I am freed for the processes of being more available to my family, the pleasures of the neighborhood (the library, the running paths) and pondering the question of what would things be like if everyone made the same choice about television as I did.

That, at least according to moral values I was taught from my parents, is the ethical basis that answers all the questions: if everyone did what I do would our collective life on this planet be improved or worsened? Mander obviously believes that no television is best for everyone, but he cops out by not arguing forcefully that citizens unplug the sets and give life a try without them.

Mander, a Californian who in 1972 founded the nation's first nonprofit ad agency, is at least laps ahead of Mankiewicz-Swerdlow; they lag behind in a heavy pant of breathless denunciations at all the wicked effects of television and the baddies of the industry. They write: "The men and women who control the Age of Television are animated by little more than a simple search for profits." That comment appears early in the text, and it forms the link with the call at the end of the book about "the public needs." And who doesn't know that profits are dirty and the public is clean?

While calling for more muscle from the FCC, Mankiewicz-Swerdlow are weak in the biceps themselves. They claim that television is "alone among the fundamental forces acting upon us (that) has been exempt from public examination." If it hasn't been examined, why is much of what they say no more than cliché thinking, as in: "During prime time, the message of television is quite clear and consistent: there is no problem, however serious, whether it falls within the domain of a policeman, private detective, a doctor, a lawyer, or any of the other television heroes, which cannot be fully resolved in an hour, to the satisfaction of the law, the participants, and the viewers. And the solution is almost always achieved by an act of violence." This observation has been around so long that maybe even the Martians have heard it.

My disappointment in these books—and to say it again, both are well-written, carefully researched, and at times entertaining—is perhaps because I expected so much from them. But they didn't deliver. What we need are ideas by which citizens can eliminate television and television's power to demean their lives. If we can deal effectively with only so much outrage in our lives, then those who set out to shock us by overloading our circuits have an obligation at least to direct our fury to some kind of outlet. Mander says he has no answers and Mankiewicz-Swerdlow offer the golden oldie of a tougher FCC. I'd have felt better if Mankiewicz, the President of National Public Radio, pounded his chest and said we'd all be better off if we gave up television for the delight of radio. That's what I've been doing for

Commonweal's
Half-Price Trial Offer —

11 Issues for $4

Mail coupon or a facsimile
[For New Subscribers Only]

COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

For the enclosed $4 send the next 11 issues (5 months of *Commonweal*) to:

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

☐ I prefer a full-year subscription at $18.

8-18-78

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years, and I'm waiting for people like Mankiewicz-Swerdlow and Mander to spread the word that the radio word is more than plenty.

Collected Poems, 1953-1977

ERNEST SANDEEN

U. of Notre Dame Press, $10 [191 pp.]

The Man in the Green Chair

CHARLES EDWARD EATON

Barnes, $7.95 [71 pp.]

ROBERT MIOLA

Apparent in the dust-jacket photograph of Ernest Sandeen, in the high forehead, the square jaw, the dark clear eyes framed by dark glasses, the silver hair, and the casual wave of professionial pipe, are the qualities of intelligence and reflectiveness which characterize his best poetry. Throughout his *Collected Poems* Sandeen sees in the ordinary and the familiar occasions for question, speculation, and discovery. A casual news item, a church service, the memory of his father, the sight of his child, the sound of a passing truck or airplane, the chirp of a cricket, the change of the seasons—all suggest to the poet rituals of life, the universal rituals of birth, love, and death which transcend the present and the particular. Generally the poet sings of these rituals in a restrained but melodic voice which is capable of humor as well as seriousness. And generally he shows himself to be a skilled craftsman, comfortable with the complex stanzas and metrical forms of his early periods as well as wtih the flexible but disciplined free verse of the later.

One of the most striking features of Sandeen's work is the recurring recollection of his father. The first part of "Last Things" recalls in three six-line stanzas the final days when the poet "by a logic that overwhelmed us both" had to shave his father every day:

> Revulsive my fingers explored the abyss of love
> we'd carefully kept between us, and touched as tender
> a skin as a baby girl's.

The mixture of revulsion and tenderness is perfectly conveyed by the skillful variation of sounds and the alternation of rhymes with half-rhymes and unrhymed lines. In the second part of the poem, a poignant sonnet of two six-line stanzas and a couplet, the poet mourns his father's death, noticing in sorrow and anger that the trees outside sleep quietly while "the fact of snows" settle cold upon them:

> Anger as thick as blood was my consolation
> for the storm of silence bleaching breath and space
> since nothing strong and tall out there had grace
> enough to toss defiance or even to bend
> before this beginning of memory and its end.

The careful control of form here, as in another early poem, "Chair with Rockers," expresses eloquently the uncontrollable tumult of emotion. Later poems on the subject, "The Poem takes a Walk" and "Father Familiar," are less formally structured but equally powerful and haunting.

The union of thought, feeling, music, and image which characterizes Sandeen's poetic remembrances of his father is not always evident in the poems inspired by his children. Often, these poems begin with a joyous description of the child at play only to dwindle into melancholy brooding about inevitable future disappointments. Fathers do, I suppose, think such somber thoughts on occasion, but the predictable repetition of the formula (5 poems in all) and the trite expression of the melancholy in some—"The Unhappy Warrior," "Toy Windmill," and "Evelyn in the April Sun," rob the theme of potential profundity. ("Girl Three Years Into the World" and "Growing Into Light" are more successful.) Similarly disappointing is the occasional cliché (the mourning friend feeling for the unspent penny in a dead man's pocket) in "A Plaint of Flowers" and the occasional lapse into melodrama (the housewives who haven't learned to forgive love in "May Morning").

More disturbing is the eccentricity of "Dog Drinking at Night" in which the sound of the dog's drinking provokes reflection upon life's "primal wonder," a reflection which must, to the ordinary reader familiar with Bowser noisily slurping away at his water dish, seems somewhat far-removed. Most disappointing of all, however, are a number of poems, including "Lore of the Real," "Kite Umbilicus," and "Poem Made Out of Questions," in which ideas and images have been forcibly stitched up rather than woven together in a seamless garment.

The faults in the volume should not distract us for too long from its excellences. Sandeen displays throughout his poetry a truly civilized wit, a quality nowhere more apparent than in the thirteen remarkable poems which begin *Like Any Road Anywhere* (1976). This sequence depicts the ambiguous love-hate relationship between a poet and his poetry. In it the poem accuses, victimizes, and observes the poet while arranging, editing, and recording his experiences. The originality of the conception, the use of a disinterested stance, and the verve of the execution bring home to the reader all of the humor, pain, and joy of artistic creation—truly an achievement in a genre which invites the dull and the self-indulgent. For these poems and for his other successes Sandeen should be read with attention and admiration.

In *The Man in the Green Chair* Charles Eaton presents to us a circus of unusual, often erotic characters. The Dandy, Midget, Eunuch, Cowboy, Gigolo, Masseur, Sailor, Weight Lifter, and Tattooed Lady, all costumed in extravagant, sensual imagery, demonstrate how tenuous and fluctuating is the line between normality and abnormality. The splash, color, and daring of these poems differ greatly from Eaton's early attempts (one thinks of "Cold Spring," and "Nocturne," for example) whose quiet lyricism and simple diction recall the work of Eaton's teacher, Robert Frost. Here the occasional echo of Frost measures the differences between the poets rather than the similarities. "Squashes," for example, which contains a paraphrased line from Frost's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"At Woodward's Gardens" ("It's knowing what to do with things that counts"), is typically bold, original, and distinctive:

> Like beheaded geese plucked to their yellow skin they lie in the shade
> Of an obscene but stalwart little forest of thick leaves
> Lost in all that heat, in a world they never made.

Eaton's voice in this volume is clearly his own creation. It is a powerful, disturbing, brutally candid voice which demands respect and which sings of the primitive darkness deep within us. This darkness provides the theme for "The Masseur," who leads us down the "murky staircase" of our bones; for "The Centaur, whose bestiality is a "solid, moving, powerful, ineluctable beauty"; for "The Crow," to whom we belong "for keeps"; and for "Sun Helmet" which creates a "little darkness" to keep the soul alive. Poems like these show Eaton at his best: the talons grip in the first few lines and then powerful, noiseless wings sweep the reader away. Only a combination of discipline, experience, and rich talent could produce this volume—one which will excite and delight even the casual reader.

Blood Relations

EILIS DILLON

Simon and Schuster, $10.95 [479 pp.]

An Army of Children

EVAN H. RHODES

Dial, $9.95 [434 pp.]

DANIEL M. MURTAUGH

It has been years since I have read the sort of middle-brow historical fiction exemplified in these two novels. I am thinking of the work of writers like Lloyd C. Douglas and Thomas B. Costain. Such writing is worthy of respect, the sort of respect we owe to industrious research, a good sense of locale, and plot construction that keeps us turning the pages. The trick in fiction like this is to invent a central group of characters with the right connections. They must know the right (real) people, so that they can conduct us into history's back rooms where they are eyewitnesses to or—with a little cheating—participants in events we know have made a difference.

Several problems suggest themselves. The fictional characters may be less interesting than the historical characters and events to which they convey us, but, being the only characters whose minds we are privileged to enter, they must still occupy most of our attention. Moreover, their relative pallor becomes more bothersome and their scope of truly effective action becomes more limited as they approach the vivid, concrete facts of the historical context they inhabit. It becomes all too clear that they campaign for our favor and attention on the coattails of the fated presences of history, whose destinies are fixed and whose interest is guaranteed because they are real and known. And, finally, there is the problem of language. The writers of such historical fiction all too often have tin ears. Their prose is often muffled at best and positively wrong-headed at worst. It often seems that their busy search for a subject in the past is a compensation for the missing wit and flair of the firstrate stylist.

These workmanlike respectabilities and imaginative limitations are found, in just about the usual proportions, in Eilis Dillon's *Blood Relations* and Evan H. Rhodes's *An Army of Children*. Both books seem remarkably old-fashioned, as old-fashioned—as downright cozy—as the art on their dustjackets. Both seem destined to be movies starring Tyrone Power, Gene Tierney, or the younger, slimmer Orson Welles, with music by Max Steiner.

Blood Relations is set in the time of the Irish Troubles of 1916-1924. The central characters are the Goulds, shabby genteel Protestants who live near Galway in a run-down ancestral mansion; Peter Morrow, a Galway businessman of humble origins and a separatist leader; and Nicholas deLacy, also a separatist leader and a member of an old Norman family (which, incidentally, is historical). The fictional plot depends upon an ancient contrivance: a pregnancy arising from a virgin's one night of indiscretion. Molly Gould, the heroine, is "a beautiful young woman whose fiancé dies in an English jail, leaving her pregnant and trapped between Nicholas deLacy, whom she loves, and Peter Morrow, who has fathered her child, both of them committed to the passions and dangers of the Irish struggle for freedom." Her story never rises above the level established by that dustjacket blurb. Molly has a weak sister, and this makes us think of Scarlet O'Hara and Becky Sharp, who also had softer, weaker women as foils. But, unlike those glamorous survivors, Molly has no enlivening malice and never says a single really interesting thing. The strength Dillon would have us see in her comes out as mere doggedness.

History fares better in the story. As they move into the company of real revolutionaries like Michael Collins and Sean McKeon, Peter Morrow and Nicholas deLacy become more compelling characters. Morrow participates in the famous escape of Eamon DeValera from the Lincoln jail. The riots and battles and prison scenes are quite vivid. DeLacy's participation in McKeon's ambush of the Black and Tans in Balinalee suggests that Dillon has read Tolstoy and learned from him. The raids of the Black and Tans are painfully real. And the historical context brings one of the Goulds to life quite arrestingly. Henry, Molly's father, who turns informer for money and escapes to America, is a craven, mean-

JOIN THE COMMONWEAL ASSOCIATES

Sustaining Member: $50

Charter Member: $100 or more

Commonweal Associates
232 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y., 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spirited good-for-nothing who gets better and better as the story goes along. A better, shorter novel would have had him at its center.

An Army of Children is about the Children's Crusade of 1212. Two boys, an English noble's son and a Jew, two Flemish sisters, a young monk, and some others are caught up first in the crusade preached at St. Denis by Stephen of Cloyes, then in the second crusade preached by Stephen of Cologne. Theirs is essentially the sad story we can read in any history of the Crusades, of deluded children making their way south, their numbers wasted by defection, disease, kidnapping, and the rigors of an Alpine crossing, disappointed in their expectation that the Mediterranean would part before them, and, finally, tricked and sold into slavery in North Africa by wily shippers.

Rhodes has done his homework. His history is about as sound as it needs to be. His locales are strongly visualized. At times the action seems arranged to display these locales to advantage, as though Rhodes were already setting up shots for the movie version. But the characters are flat and formulaic. The good children are too good. The bad guy, a slave trader of mixed blood and religion named Frizio, is too melodramatically bad. His leisurely despoiling of the younger Flemish girl, although it is not terribly explicit by contemporary standards, has a drooling quality that seems to say more about Rhodes's fantasies and those he would call forth in us than they do about Frizio's character.

And the language! Rhodes seems to think that a story of long ago must come to us in an elevated, "poetic" style which in fact sounds like a bad Victorian translation. Characters shun contractions in speech. Adjectives function as adverbs, and prepositions sometimes surprise us (". . . he could scarce bear to think of it."). The diction often has the quality of candied fruit ("Unbeknownst to anybody, Jonathan availed himself of a supply of diverse herbs from the garden, secreting them in his wallet.").

In general, these are good reads, of a sort, for the summer. They sustain interest even if they do not lodge themselves in the memory. They just might lead some readers back to the genuine history they dilute.

Scott and Ernest

MATTHEW J. BRUCCOLI

Random House, $8.95 [192 pp.]

THOMAS S. KLISE

In their representative works, Fitzgerald and Hemingway both dealt with the disenchantment of the Genteel Romantic Hero, never mind the differences in setting, style, incident, material. And the need was deep in both men to find meaning in this same mythic persona for the forging of their public and private personalities, Hemingway seizing upon courage, Fitzgerald on charm or magnetism, a "series of successful gestures."

Fitzgerald never made an effort to conceal what he was about, openly identifying himself with his heroes and frankly confessing his despair when the Perpetual Bones show fell apart. Hemingway, no confessor, kept up a writing and non-writing offensive until the very end, ceaselessly projecting the only quality in the dream-archetype that spoke to him convincingly until finally the signal failed and even the simulation of courage was too great an effort. Hemingway never wrote his own story, as Gertrude Stein had urged in the '20s; Fitzgerald of course never wrote anyone else's.

The possibilities of friendship between two souls so constituted—the one ever seeking an audience, the other always in need of a hero—are good only as long as each partner is willing to play his clear and definite role. The problem was, in this case, that one of the partners, Fitzgerald, was too double-minded about his own needs to play any role consistently. He kept rising, exasperatingly, at the count of nine in contests just large enough to annoy the self-crowned champ. And though he seemed ever willing to invent new variations of the game, by the time he could offer them to Hemingway, the latter had discovered a new partner—the great blue and glittering world itself, just as Henry Luce had created it.

Professor Bruccoli has ably set forth most of the particulars of the friendship beginning in 1925 when Fitzgerald, then the author of five books, began promoting the contender from Oak Park, who had published all of 88 pages of pseudo Sherwood Anderson but with enough broken rhythms in the prose to make important eyes show white on two continents.

To help Hemingway, as everyone but Pound eventually learned, was an extremely dangerous business, and Ernest never forgave Scott the villainy of the Perkins-Wilson-Mencken intros. Yet, for awhile, about three years actually, the partnership seemed to hold with Scott talking about his whoring for *The Saturday Evening Post* and embarking upon unpretty drinking escapades that served to clearly etch him as the failure in the game. During these idyllic days, when Hemingway got drunk, it was somehow a literary event; when Fitzgerald got drunk, people phoned the cops.

Beginning about 1928 the rifts began to appear. Bruccoli retells all the old anecdotes—the long count Callaghan-Hemingway fight with Scott the time-keeper, the "Poor Scott" crack in *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*—and gives us a healthy sampling of Scott's 50-odd letters to Ernest. With their hilarious misspellings—*apon* for *upon*, *allways* for *always*, and anything that came to mind for Hemingway—the Fitzgerald letters are insightful, funny, and friendly. Best of all, Bruccoli prints Scott's ten-page critique of the first two deleted chapters of the ms. of *The Sun Also Rises*, though we are given only a peek at the actual text.

Hemingway's letters to Fitzgerald are mostly paraphrase, evidently because Bruccoli could not get the estate's permission to publish the letters themselves. For Hemingway admirers, this may be just as well since the few letters that appear in text put consider-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able strain on John O'Hara's contention that the author was the greatest writer since W. Shakespeare.

Ernest begins a letter to Malcolm Cowley: "As you know Scott was one of the worst writers who ever wrote prose . . ." and then proceeds to write a letter that sounds like a ten-year-old talking to an immigrant with a four-day grasp of the tongue. The burden of this same Cowley letter is Hemingway's old complaint about Scott's "mixing" of personalities in his fiction, a repeat of the "damned marvelously faked case histories" letter he sent to Scott about *Tender Is the Night*.

Fitzgerald's spirited defense of *TITN* charitably omits mention of the fact that this is precisely the method Hemingway used in *The Sun Also Rises*, and in most of his other work, except that the case histories are not always marvelously faked, just faked. Neither was Fitzgerald in a position in 1934 to set straight, as Bruccoli does, the distortions of *A Moveable Feast*, where Hemingway promises fact instead of fiction and ends up delivering neither.

Through the funny-sad story we get an occasional glimpse of Zelda, very unkeen on Ernest, and the saintly Maxwell Perkins, forever paternally trying to patch it up between the boys. Perkins suggests to Scott that in *Snows* Ernest really meant kindly—he was only trying to give him a bit of a "jolt." And to Ernest, Max confides that he has finally discovered the root of Scott's personal problems: nicotinized cigarettes.

Bruccoli provides a useful synopsis or chronology of the friendship and a good but fairly familiar listing of Scott's Notebook entries about Ernest. What finally emerges from this inevitable account is that contrary to Scott's hare-tortoise simile (he being the tortoise of course) what seemed true to most critics of the '30s and '40s and much later—that Hemingway was the great stayer, and Fitzgerald the early leaver—is silly on the record. After 1940 Hemingway produced little new work and what he did produce was self-imitative and sometimes absurd. Fitzgerald at his death was breaking new ground and in *The Last Tycoon* had found a prose line not only utterly different from his three previous styles but completely new to American letters and superbly fitted to his final and most scary winter dreams.

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 515*)

great Liberal writer would be even more difficult to sustain. In fact what Dr. Canovan has demonstrated conclusively, both in her book and in her other writing, is that Chesterton was among the most effective *opponents* of fascism in his age! See, for example, her article in the *Chesterton Review* (III, 2) "Chesterton's Attack on the Pro-Nazis."

IAN BOYD, Editor
The Chesterton Review

Beyond Symbols

Atlanta, Ga.

To the Editors: John Kotre lodges important critiques against modern psychotherapies for their failure to promote "skills" of permanence/fidelity and generativity in limited persons [May 12]. I also agree that symbols from religious traditions can complement and transcend the ways of psychotherapy. But Kotre's presentation of sample biblical symbols makes a common mistake of religionists who apply their heritage to human growth. They do not discriminate how religious motifs pertain to the varying needs of different stages of personal maturation. It is not enough to talk about "spiritual parenthood" or "Jahweh's fidelity" as though these themes spoke to the problems of 20-year-olds as well as to those of 50-year-olds without crucial differences. It may be that the Beatitudes, for instance, make telling sense only in middle life, whereas an idealistic imitation of Jesus as hero figure speaks mainly to youth. These thoughts stem from my reading of developmental psychology. I am presently involved in a study of four major world religions to find resources applicable to the particular problems and potentials of the middle adult period of life. My remarks, therefore, extend Kotre's fine points into a yet uncharted terrain.

EUGENE C. BIANCHI
Emory University

Correction

Some lines of manuscript were garbled by the printer in J.M. Cameron's essay "Doing Poorly at Doing Good" in the July 7 *Commonweal*.

On page 439, the second paragraph in the middle column should have opened: "Intervention by the public authorities to remedy social evils, an intervention certainly motivated in part by the received analogy between the human and political bodies, is an old practice . . . etc."

We regret the error.

Classified

RATES: 70c a word, one time; 66c, three times; 63c, six times; 60c, twelve times. Twelve words minimum. For box numbers add 60c per insertion. Classified payable with order; monthly in advance for more than three times. COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Work Wanted

COOK/HOUSEKEEPER seeks position with priests or brothers. Experienced in catering for large community. Reply Box Number 32.

Music

NEW CATALOG, $1.00: Early Music Stands, Drawer 510, P.O. Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302.

Mission Packages

Father Paul Cruz, St. Thomas Church, Sasthamkotta, P.O., KERALA, India asks for used clothing and such religious articles as rosaries, scapulars, statues and religious Easter and Christmas cards. Brother Julius, O.F.M. Cap., Fatima Mission, P.O. Box 15 Zambesi, Zambia, Central Africa, appeals for "little packages of everyday things, religious articles, soap, pencils, cheap jewelry and any little thing you might consider helpful in our poor missions."

Medical Student

Msgr. J. B. Rodriquez, Catholic Mission, Kunhimangalam, Kunhimangalam Post 670309, India, seeks funds to help an impoverished scholarship student, who is embarking on a 5-year medical course. The scholarship takes care of her tuition, but books for the whole course come to $100, clothes to $100 a year and hostel charge some $25 a month.

Married Priests

CORPUS—National Association Resigned/Married priests and friends—Box 2649, Chicago 60690.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLARETIAN PUBLICATIONS | Responsive to your needs!

Each month, U.S. CATHOLIC

- keeps readers up-to-date on changes in church life with articles on the sacraments, prayer, scripture, religious education, and family and single life
- encourages reader participation with its award-winning Sounding Board/Feedback department that asks readers what they think about thought-provoking subjects such as the Sunday Mass obligation, divorce and remarriage, and handing on the faith
- provides readers with the insights of leading experts on scripture, moral theology, medical ethics, social justice, spirituality, and parish life
- gives practical advice on religious matters that readers can use in their homes, on the job, or in their parish
- helps readers grow in their faith through regular editorials, opinion pieces, and columns

U.S. CATHOLIC describes itself as "the magazine that carries on a continuing conversation with its readers."

More than one reader has written that "U.S. CATHOLIC is a part of the church that really cares what I think." The words readers use most often to describe the magazine are "balanced," "open," "frank," "willing to tackle tough issues," and "presents both sides of issues."

An astonishing number of readers say they like "everything" about the magazine and many readers say U.S. CATHOLIC is the only magazine they read cover to cover.

Maybe that's why U.S. CATHOLIC is America's most quoted Catholic magazine.

Published monthly at $10.00 per year (12 issues).

Claretian Paperbacks — Books that can be read at one sitting!

Claretian Publications publishes many helpful, informative paperbacks and pamphlets that can be read at one sitting on all phases of contemporary religion and moral and social issues.

All these publications are attractively printed and reasonably priced.

A free catalog listing all titles including Spanish-speaking books and pamphlets is available upon request. Books are sold through discounted rack pack plans or the rack pack subscription plan for resale at parish reading racks or you can buy single titles.

Bringing Religion Home | THE NEWSLETTER FOR BUSY PARENTS

Bringing Religion Home provides its readers with . . .

- helps for creating a religious atmosphere in the home
- ideas for family prayer and home religious practice
- material to help you with family problems and your role as a parent
- an exchange of ideas that have worked for other families

Published monthly @ $5.00 per one-year subscription (12 issues)

Context

A twice-a-month newsletter in which Dr. Martin E. Marty, prominent ecumenist, comments on the interaction of religion and culture.

A typical issue brings you:

- Ideas from new books and articles
- Sources of information, ideas for sermons and classes
- Insight to social trends religious people should support—or combat
- Notice of important events not covered in other publications

Published bi-monthly (except for August and September — monthly) @ $18.95 per one-year subscription (22 issues).

media mix

Media Mix is an eight-page newsletter devoted to alerting readers to what's good in the communication field — and to helping them save money. Evaluations are made of films, records, tapes, books, publications, games, and other new media. Special attention is given to teaching aids useful in provoking positive discussions of values.

Published 8 times a year @ $11.00 per one-year subscription

Need more information about any of our publications listed above? Then write to:
CLARETIAN PUBLICATIONS • 221 W. Madison St. • Chicago, Illinois 60606

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED